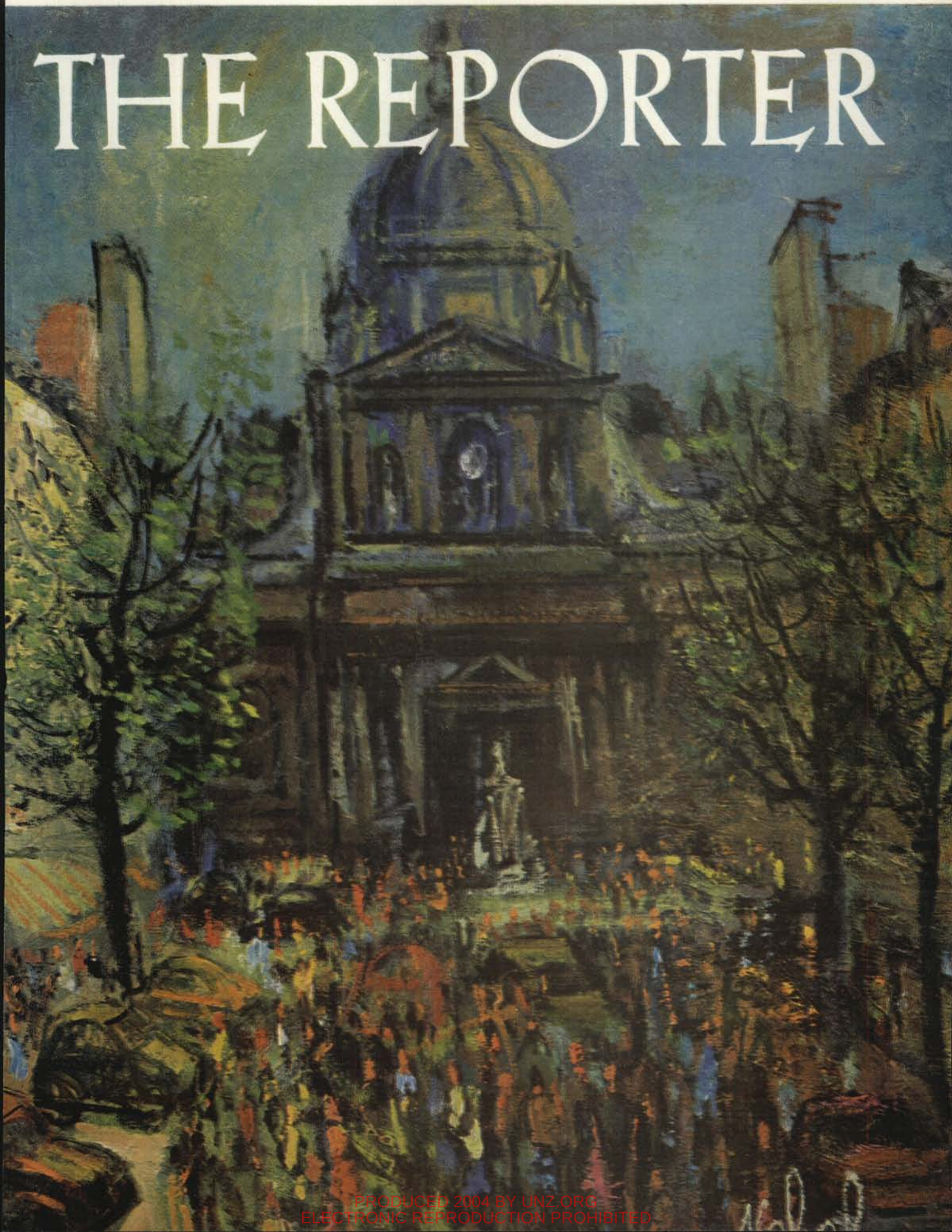
This Long NATO Crisis

oc April 21, 1966 35¢

GHANA GETS A SECOND CHANCE

THE REPORTER



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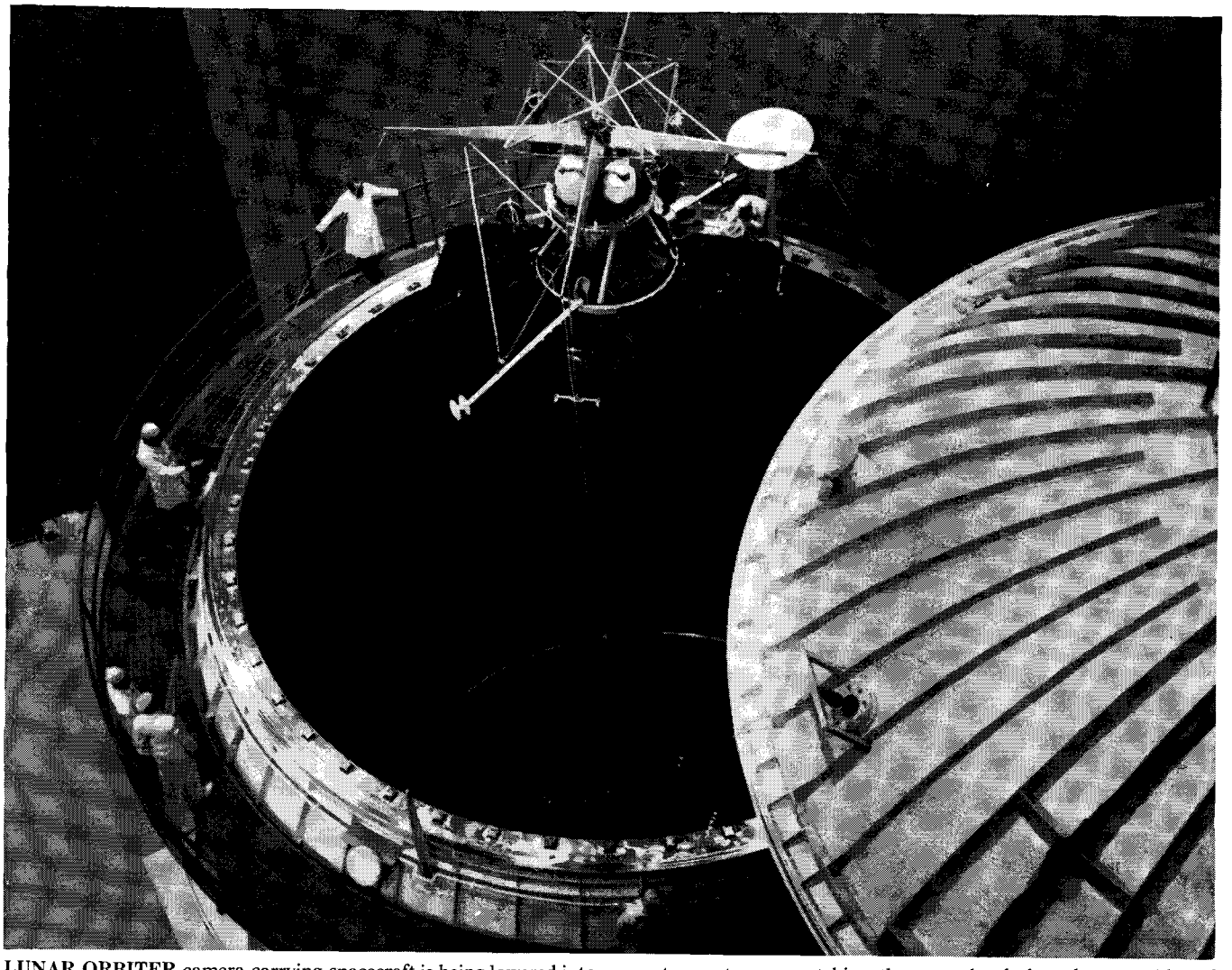
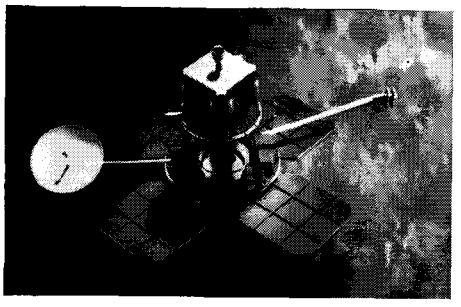
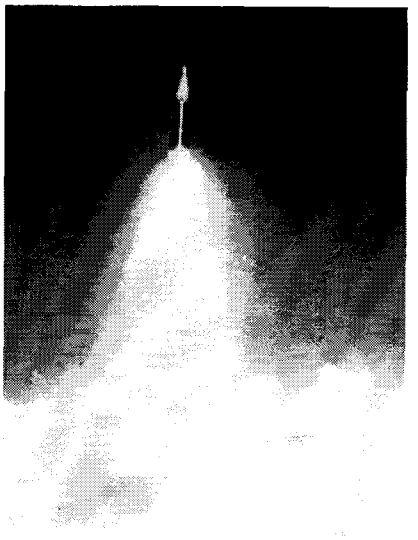


LUNAR ORBITER camera-carrying spacecraft is being lowered into 50-foot-high space chamber at Boeing Space Center. During "flight" tests in chamber, NASA's Boeing-built Lunar Orbiter simulates a photographic mission to the moon, involving translunar journey and nine lunar orbits. The Boeing chamber simulates altitude of space and temperature extremes matching those on the dark and sunny sides of moon (minus 300°F. to plus 250°). Boeing Space Center contains ten other space environment chambers, used to test materials, components and vehicles to obtain prelaunch operating data. Solar radiation, deep space temperatures and altitudes up to 600 miles can be simulated.

Capability has many faces at Boeing



NASA's Lunar Orbiter, seen above and in picture at top, will be launched this year to photograph large areas of moon surface to help select best landing spot for American astronauts.



HiBEX, high-acceleration missile booster, shown being test fired at White Sands Missile Range. Tests, sponsored by Advanced Research Projects Agency with Boeing as prime contractor, are part of a study of ballistic missile defense systems.

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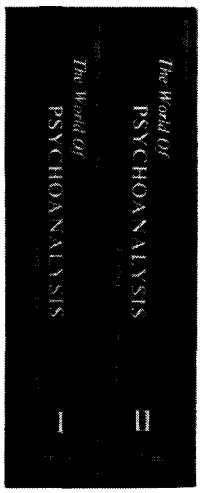

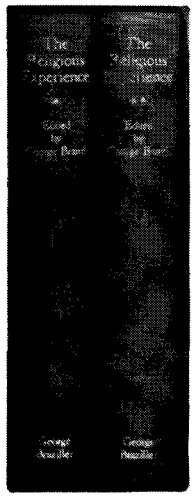

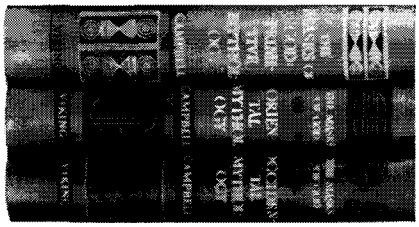

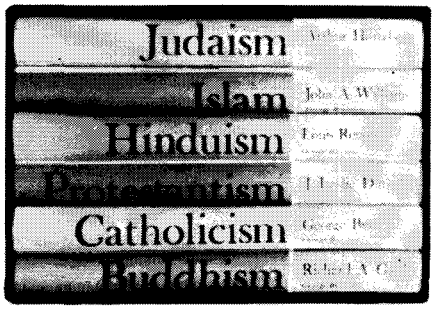

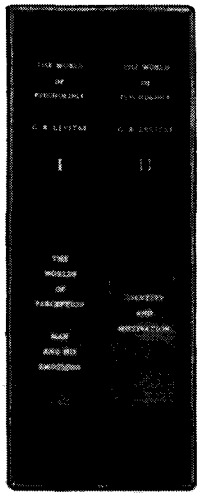

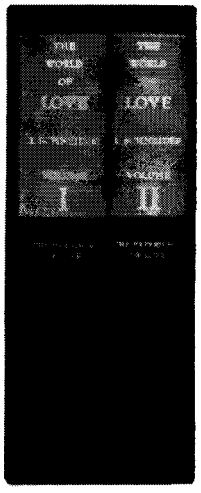

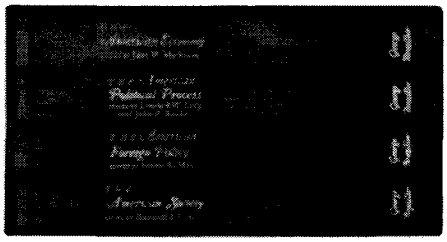

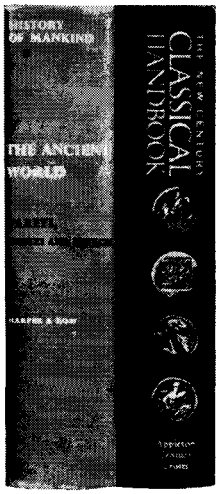

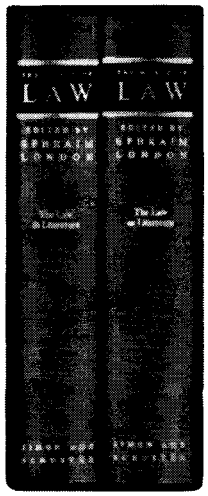

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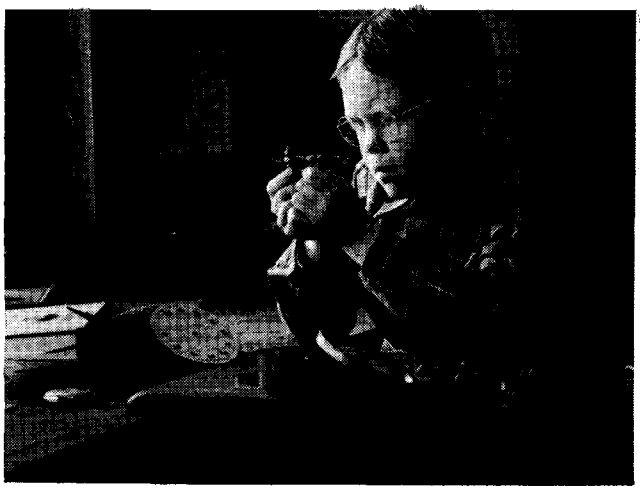
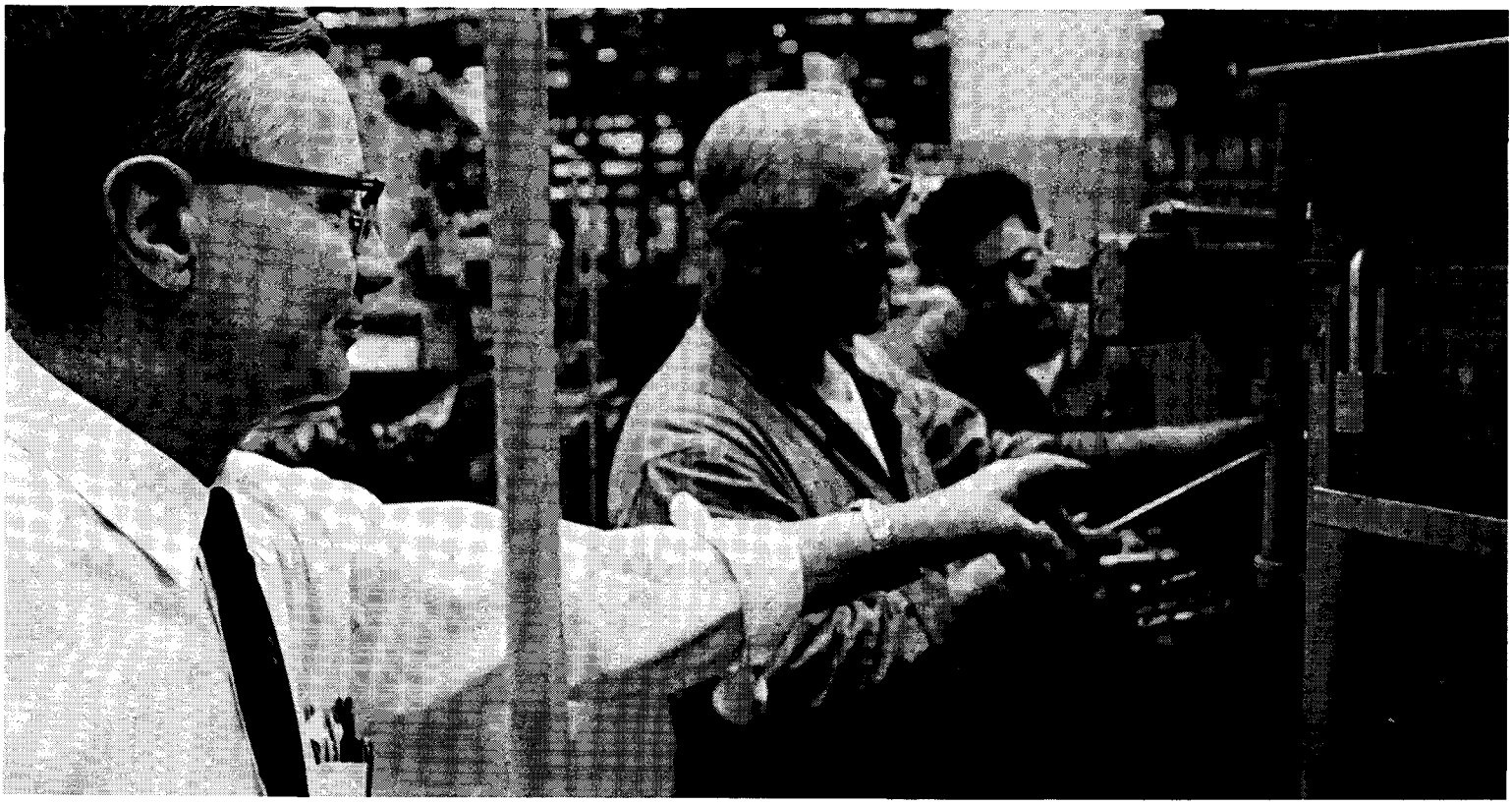


The boy who wondered what made things tick...

now keeps complex machines 'ticking' at General Motors



When Steve Slowinski was eight years old, he was lucky enough to find a broken-down alarm clock in a vacant lot near his home. He took the clock apart, and then put it back together so it worked perfectly.

In the days and years that followed, Steve considered it a personal challenge when he found anything that needed rebuilding. In high school, for example, he set up his own repair business and within a year his room was crowded with faceless clocks, dismembered watches, washing machines, toasters and other items. You name it —Steve could fix it.

After courses in mechanical arts and drafting, Steve joined the Ternstedt Division of General Motors. His first job—to fix intricate machinery when it got fouled up. Today, Steve is the Foreman of the machine repair team at this important GM Division.

Looking back, it was more than a broken alarm clock that a young boy found so many years ago. It was, in effect, a lifetime career.

We're mighty glad it worked out that way . . . for Steve Slowinski . . . and for General Motors!

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A Latin American Common Market?

By SIDNEY DELL, *United Nations Conference on Trade and Development.* This study reviews the steps already taken by the Latin American Free Trade Association and the Central American Common Market, and discusses the outlook for these groupings. While essentially concerned with Latin America, the book throws light on the general problems of underdeveloped countries in forming larger and more viable economic units. *R.I.I.A. 2 maps, 12 tables.* $8.80

The Passing of French Algeria

By DAVID C. GORDON, *American University of Beirut.* In 1930 it seemed possible for Algeria peacefully to become a part of France, but during the thirty years of bitterness and fighting that followed, this hope proved vain. Dr. Gordon analyzes the struggle for an Algerian identity during this period and examines France's new vision of playing a creative role in the *tiers monde* that emerged from her African empire. $6.75

The Process of Planning

A STUDY OF INDIA'S FIVE-YEAR PLANS 1950-1963

By A. H. HANSON, *University of Leeds.* In this study of the interaction between "objective" and "ideological" factors in economic planning, Professor Hanson assesses the impact of the three five-year plans on Indian society. The Indian experience is used to draw some conclusions which could be helpful to planners everywhere. *R.I.I.A. 35 tables.* $16.80

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

ACCORDING to prevailing American opinion, the well-publicized troubles of NATO all come from the stubbornness of an old man who might have been great in his day and who still clings obstinately to power—Charles de Gaulle. The whole thing is far more complex as far as de Gaulle is concerned, and it dates from the very first years of NATO, as **Edmond Taylor** sets forth on the basis of his long observation of alliance affairs.

LOOKING BACK on it, the day in 1951 when Britain granted effective independence to its Gold Coast colony was a historic event. Under the leadership of Kwame Nkrumah, Ghana's example spurred a drive for nationhood throughout the other colonies of black Africa and plunged the continent into a continuing turmoil. The tyrannical rule of "His Messianic Dedication" soon came to exemplify the worst abuses of independence in Africa. Now that he is gone, **Claire Sterling** reports, there is a good chance that the once-bright promise of that country can be redeemed, but only if its people work hard enough and receive the help they need. . . . **Tom Feelings** has just returned to the U.S. after spending eighteen months in Ghana. . . . The major thrust of the war on poverty has been in the cities, while programs to help the rural poor have lacked both funds and a coordinated policy. Yet, as **Bill Kovach** and **Nat Caldwell** point out, the problems are linked because tensions in places like Watts often are aggravated by the influx of desperate families from the impoverished hinterlands. The authors are both reporters on the Nashville *Tennessean,* where Mr. Caldwell won a Pulitzer Prize for national-affairs reporting in 1962. . . . Australia's rapid postwar growth has placed a strain on available resources and manpower. Now the nation's increasing awareness of the need for better defense forces presents the new Prime Minister, Harold Holt, with a dilemma in the unpopular choice between development and security. **Denis Warner** writes from his home base in Melbourne. . . . **William E. Leuchtenberg,** professor of history at Columbia University, won both the Parkman and Bancroft prizes in 1963 for his *Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal, 1932-1940.* Here he brings the historian's approach to President Johnson's Great Society. . . . In this issue, **Fernando Krahn** goes hunting.

GWYN THOMAS'S short story is about men, potatoes, and women —and the passions they arouse in the course of a long wet Welsh summer. Mr. Thomas is a novelist and playwright whose latest book to appear in this country is *A Welsh Eye* (Stephen Greene Press). . . . When the New York City Opera moved into its new home in Lincoln Center it perforce changed its personality as well as its locale. **Roland Gelatt** reviews its first season in the New York State Theater. Mr. Gelatt is the editor of *High Fidelity.* . . . Walt Disney has often been called a genius. A. A. Milne was less often so-styled, which perhaps gives room for thought about the changing values of words and critics. Be that as it may, Winnie-the-Pooh has recently been Disneyfied and according to **Gerald Weales** you can now get neither for the price of one. Mr. Weales is himself a writer of children's books, *Miss Grimsbee is a Witch* and *Miss Grimsbee Takes a Vacation,* both published by Atlantic Monthly Press. . . . **Robley Wilson, Jr.,** teaches at the State College of Iowa. . . . A specialist in Renaissance history and a Junior Fellow of the Society of Fellows at Harvard, **Werner L. Gundersheimer** is the editor of *The Italian Renaissance* (Prentice-Hall). . . . **Alfred Werner's** *Barlach* will soon be issued by McGraw-Hill. . . . **Marcus Klein,** who is on the faculty of the State University of New York at Buffalo, is the author of *After Alienation,* available in Meridian paperback.

Our cover is by **Gustave Nebel.**

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Statements from the U. S. Senate Vietnam Debate, 1966?

"Victory *is* possible, certain, and almost immediate if, right away . . . Vietnamese officials will resolutely launch into the necessary political and social reforms and correct their mistakes."
—Deputy René Kuehn. *Journal Officiel:* October 27, 1953*

To speak of negotiations "is the surest means of raising the morale of the adversary and of demoralizing our own troops."
—Deputy Raymond Dronne. *Journal Officiel:* October 23, 1953.*

"I think that [withdrawal] . . . would be more criminal than the war itself . . . the Vietnamese soldiers . . . would be exposed to a massacre These people have placed confidence in us. We want to return their freedom to them."
—Deputy André Denis. *Journal Officiel:* January 28, 1950.*

"I have shared the existence of those fighters. . . . I am thinking today of the harm we may be doing to their morale. May they know, those glorious fighting troops . . . the entire nation salutes with emotion their courage and sacrifices!"
—Deputy Henri Laforest. *Journal Officiel:* October 23, 1953.*

"You have gotten yourself into an adventure and you don't know how to get out."
—Deputy Robert Chambeiron. *Journal Officiel:* January 27, 1950.*

"We must choose . . . outside of the military solution, outside of the solution of force, there is but one possibility: negotiation. . . . Have we the means to avoid this outcome after having made it inevitable by our errors and mistakes?"
—Pierre Mendès-France to the Chamber of Deputies, November 22, 1950.*

No! French arguments made before the fall of Dien Bien Phu

***These quotations from the pages of LOST SOLDIERS highlight the political context in which the French military establishment was ordered to fight and win. Doggedly engaged in wars in which it had neither the allies nor the active sympathy of much of its own population; furnished neither the means, nor the desperately needed political direction; thwarted in its mission, confused and misunderstood, the Army moved dangerously toward direct conflict with its legitimate master, the civil government.**

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Tactical Missiles: A report from General Dynamics

Evening the odds against surprise attack:

Even for those who weren't there, newsreels of World War II and the Korean War have made this scene familiar:

Troops are moving along a road or field. Suddenly, an enemy plane swoops out of the sky with machine guns and cannons blazing. Troops scatter for cover. A few fire at the disappearing plane—but in vain.

Today, the foot soldier does not have to head for cover. He has an equalizer. Now the scene would go like this:

An enemy plane is seen in the distance. An infantryman shoulders a weapon that resembles a bazooka. Through an eyepiece he sights the plane, squeezes a trigger and a missile whooshes out of the tube. Seconds later, the plane explodes.

Such a weapon is now moving into the hands of field troops. It is made by General Dynamics and called Redeye. It is a tactical guided missile designed to be used by one man.

The bullet that gets a second chance:

A bullet or shell is affected by gravity and wind, but, by and large, once fired it continues in the direction it was originally pointed.

A sharp eye, a steady arm and an accurate gun are all you need to hit a stationary target.

A moving object has to be "led"—the gunner judges where the moving object will be in a few fractions of a second and points his bullet there.

But to "lead" an airplane traveling at the speed of sound, miles high and able to change its direction in a hurry, you need a guided missile.

An effective surface-to-air weapon must be capable of fast reaction. Its warhead must be powerful enough to destroy an attacking plane. Its speed and range must be enough to reach the attacking aircraft before the plane's offensive weapons can be launched against ground troops.

But the real key is in the word *guided*.

The guided missile, like its evasive target, can be steered and sometimes steer itself. In fact, you might call a tactical guided missile a "bullet that gets a second chance."

Let's take a look at three produced by General Dynamics—Terrier, Tartar as well as Redeye—to see how some tactical missiles work. All are essentially defensive weapons.

Terrier and Tartar are supersonic, solid-fueled missiles used by the United States Navy. Both have what is known as "semi-active homing" guidance. This involves a complex of shipboard radar and computers, combined with sensing, computing and controlling devices within the missile itself.

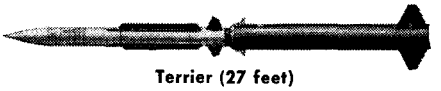
When search radar aboard a ship finds an oncoming target, a radar illumination beam, controlled through a central computer, seeks out the attacking plane. The radar waves reflected from the airplane are picked up by a sensor in the nose of the missile, which will chase its target to intercept even if the plane changes course several times.

Terrier:

Terrier is the bigger of the two. On its launcher aboard a Navy cruiser, it is about 27 feet long. The first 15 feet are the missile proper. The second 12 contain a booster rocket for propulsion.

Terrier is always ready to go. Almost within the instant that the illumination beam fastens on the approaching aircraft, Terrier is triggered.

The booster blasts the missile off the launching rack. The finder is already receiving the reflected beam from the target. Two small charges within the missile have already ignited. Their burning gases turn two small turbines. One provides power for the guidance and control systems. The other operates a hydraulic pump whose fluids move the small guidance fins on the missile's tail.



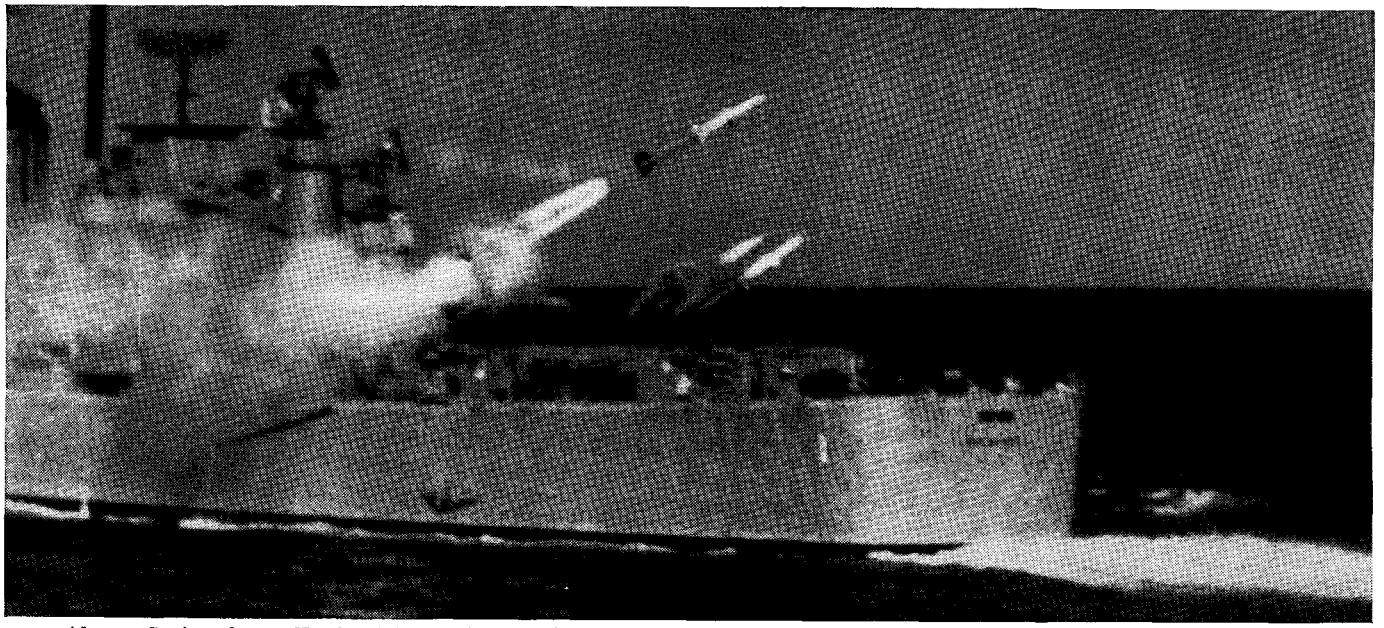
Terrier (27 feet)

As the booster burns out and then drops away, a sustainer rocket within the missile proper commences firing to continue necessary velocity to intercept.

Tartar:

Tartar is similar to Terrier, but more compact (15 feet long and about 1,200 pounds compared to 27 feet and about 3,000 pounds for Terrier).

Its booster and sustainer are combined into a single-rocket engine. When



Above: Cruiser fires a Terrier. **Right:** Diagram shows radar waves sent from a ship and reflected from a plane being received by sensor in nose of the missile. Even if the plane takes evasive action, the missile will change course to intercept.

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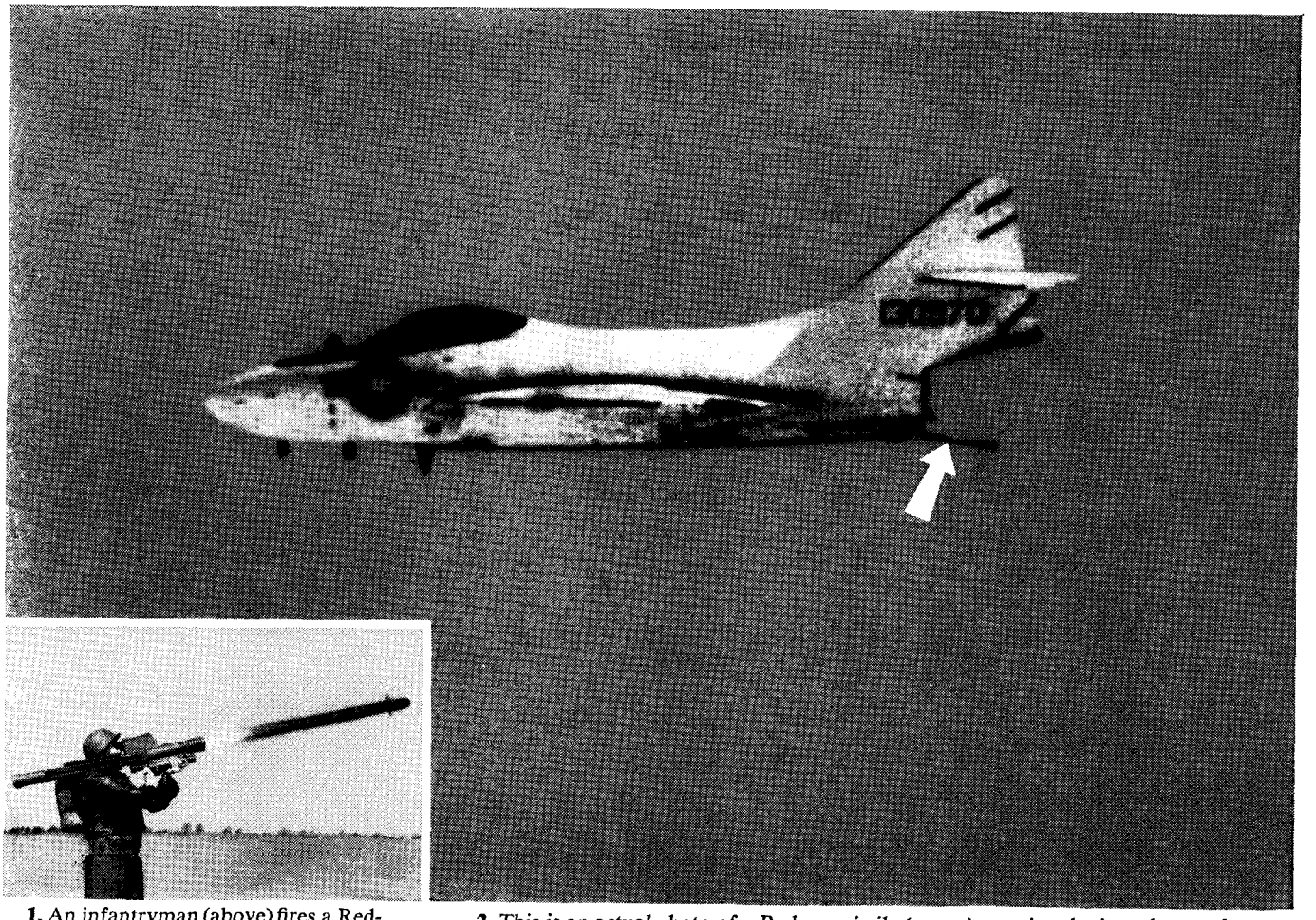


1. An infantryman (above) fires a Redeye missile at a target drone airplane.

2. This is an actual photo of a Redeye missile (arrow) entering the jet exhaust of a drone airplane. Immediately after this photograph was taken, the plane exploded.

Tartar gets its signal, the engine generates high initial thrust to shoot aloft, then reduces its force to provide the long sustained velocity to reach and chase a distant target.

Both Terrier and Tartar, in spite of their size, can be fired repetitively almost as fast as a bolt-operated rifle.

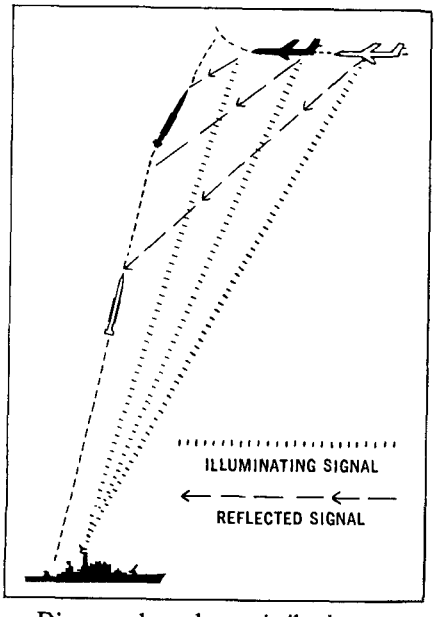
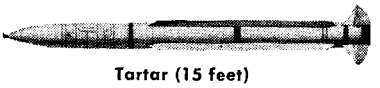


Diagram shows how missile changes course as the target changes course.

Stored in automated magazines, they can be lifted onto a launcher, hooked into the central computer radar control and fired within seconds.

Ships equipped with Terrier or Tartar can defend themselves against an armada of attacking aircraft today far more effectively than would have been possible against a single aircraft ten years ago.



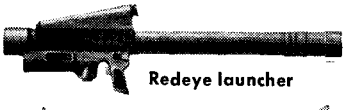
Tartar (15 feet)

Redeye:

Redeye is designed to destroy low-flying aircraft rather than high-altitude supersonic attackers. Four feet long and three inches in diameter, it weighs only 28 pounds complete with its launcher.

Redeye's heat-seeking guidance is wholly self-contained. Reaction time is little more than it takes the soldier to lift the launcher to his shoulder, find the attacking aircraft in the sighting scope and squeeze the trigger. By that time, Redeye's infrared sensor has locked onto the source of heat it must follow.

A small charge projects the missile from its launching tube. At a distance far enough to protect the soldier from rocket blast, a fuse lights the major rocket charge. Miniature computer circuitry within the missile directs a set of steering fins which enable Redeye to change direction as necessary and chase the target at supersonic speed until it intercepts it.



Redeye launcher

Redeye missile (4 feet)

During the long history of combat, the advantage of surprise has almost invariably lain with the attacker. The modern tactical missile now more than evens the odds for the defender. At General Dynamics we are already developing newer ones with still more punch.

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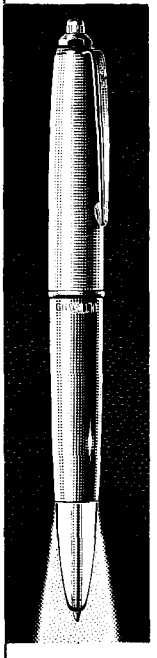

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VIETNAM

To the Editor: Your editorial "On Hawks and Doves" (*The Reporter*, March 24) cuts through all the nonsense and simplistic babblement that are popular substitutes for thinking on foreign policy. Your thoughts are clear and well stated. I hope they are widely read.

The dedication of Dean Rusk is to be preferred to the "men still cherishing the great future lying in their past." I believe it was the redoubtable John L. Lewis who many years ago described these same people in the State Department as "intellectual poodles." Now more than ever we can do without the jejune phrase-making phonies. We need people like Rusk who have convictions, knowledge in depth, and the perseverance to insist upon a rational approach in coping with the Hydra-headed problems of our age.

THOMAS H. PATTEN, JR.
Professor of Management and Sociology
University of Detroit

To the Editor: You accurately reflect the mounting frustration in attempting to think and speak clearly about Vietnam policy. However, as frustrating as the "Great Debate" may be, criticisms [of administration policy] . . . are more than mere verbiage.

With deep explorations of news events, *The Reporter* has always aided the search for clarity of public issues. Why, then, in respect to the present foreign-policy confusion on Vietnam, do you evidently wish an end to even the most responsible debate? Are all the complicated and nebulous issues suddenly now settled? Or is it simply that quiescent national self-righteousness is the preferable attitude for the governed masses?

DAVID T. BUSSARD
Ann Arbor, Michigan

CUBA

To the Editor: I found the article by Paul Bethel ("The Havana Conference," *The Reporter*, March 24) interesting, informative, and accurate. I hope that it will be read by many Americans, both North and South.

The wave of militant subversion endorsed by the Havana Conference will not hasten the day when social progress in Latin America will improve the lot of the millions who now live at a substandard level. Anything which destroys or reduces the confidence of the people of a country or of prospective investors from without in the ability of the government to maintain law and order discourages investment in the country. Without such investment, the necessary economic basis for social progress is denied. Without such a basis, the governments are powerless to provide the social progress which is so much needed.

B. L. AUSTIN
Vice Admiral, U.S. Navy
Chairman, Inter American Defense Board
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor: Paul Bethel's article is really excellent. We were especially glad to have this valuable material at this time because we are programming right now on the ORIT [inter-American regional workers' organization] conference, just concluded in Lima, Peru, which met to formulate plans to counteract the subversion plans hatched at the Havana Solidarity Conference. I have given the *Reporter* article to our scriptwriters and our policy people both in New York and in Munich, all of whom found it very helpful for commentary and news programs.

HORST S. PETZALL
Deputy Director for News
Radio Free Europe

To the Editor: I found Mr. Bethel's article to be of great importance. I shall have it translated in order to make it known to the Ecuadorian government.

GUSTAVO LARREA
Ambassador of Ecuador
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor: I have read with great interest the article by Paul D. Bethel on the First Conference of Solidarity of Peoples of Asia, Africa, and Latin America, held in Havana in January of this year.

Not only do I think that it was well written but also that your magazine should be congratulated for publishing it and thus bringing to the attention of the world the nefarious plans laid for subversion operations in the Western Hemisphere.

RICARDO A. MIDENCE
Ambassador of Honduras
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor: I congratulate *The Reporter* for Paul Bethel's excellent article on the Tricontinental Conference.

FRANCISCO CUEVAS CANCINO
Permanent Representative of Mexico to the United Nations

To the Editor: As Paul Bethel indicates, the Tricontinental Conference aroused great concern throughout Latin America and elsewhere and as a result has led to a better understanding of Communist designs and actions. Unfortunately the affair received all too little attention in the United States—probably due in part to the fact that U.S. reporters were denied permission

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to go to Havana by the Cuban government.

W. Averell Harriman
Ambassador at Large
Washington

To the Editor: I have read Paul Bethel's "The Havana Conference" with great interest, and think that his analysis is thoughtful and perceptive.

I am considering placing this article in the *Congressional Record* so as to bring it to the attention of my colleagues.

Thomas J. Dodd
U.S. Senate

MISSISSIPPI

To the Editor: Foster Davis's analysis of the situation in the Mississippi Delta ("The Delta: Rich Land and Poor People," *The Reporter*, March 24) was an informative if overly optimistic account of a critical problem.

I would like to take exception to the tenor of Mr. Davis's remarks about the Delta Ministry. For knowledgeable people, the significant contributions of the Delta Ministry in its work among the sharecroppers and the field workers of the Delta speaks for itself and needs little defense. . . . It may be difficult for the white moderate in Mississippi to realize that he is no longer in a position to determine the direction and pace of social change in the state. If the moderates of whom Mr. Davis speaks have been forced to face the fact that the field workers in the Delta are able to assume major responsibility for reshaping the future of their lives, it is too bad, but perhaps this awakening was necessary if the white moderate and the field worker are to work together as equals for the good of all. It is true that the strikers in Tent City were doomed to lose the strike from the start, but they have gained something in terms of self-respect and dignity which no labor settlement could have given them.

(Rev.) Lorenz Schultz
Hughes Memorial Methodist Church
Portland, Oregon

SUPPORTING LOCAL POLICE

To the Editor: Hal Bruno, in his article "Chicago's Scholarly Cop" (*The Reporter*, March 24), notes that few large cities have had better police and civil-rights relationships. To this observation I wish to add a substantiating story.

Al Raby, head of a local civil-rights group, Chicago Council of Community Organization, recently met with the president of the Chicago Patrolmen's Association and learned that the Chicago police were pressing city hall for higher wages. During their talk Raby suggested that members of his group could picket Mayor Richard J. Daley's office for higher police wages, and later Raby and company actually did. How's that for good relations?

Donald Jonjack
Chicago

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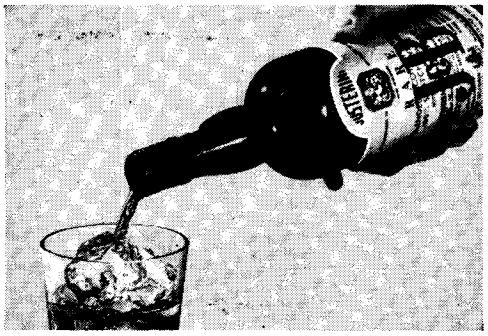

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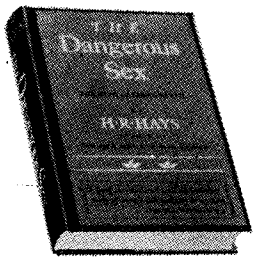

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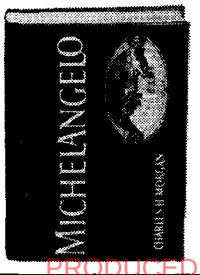

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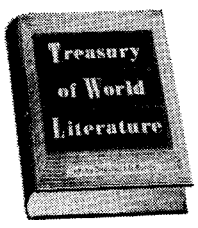

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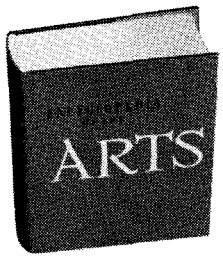

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Article 19 Again

Last August, when the United States officially halted its effort to deny the French and the Soviets the right to vote in the General Assembly for failure to pay their United Nation debts, the air was full of rumors about a tacit *quid pro quo:* by dropping its insistence that the delinquents be penalized under Article 19 of the U.N. Charter, the United States had freed the Soviets from a humiliating threat and thus made it possible for them to make a "voluntary" contribution without loss of face. No one cultivated this line of argument more assiduously than the Russians themselves.

This formula permitted the Assembly last September to vote—with our concurrence—to drop the Article 19 issue and to function "normally," while encouraging voluntary contributions to help the organization out of its financial hole. The French and the Russians, as Ambassador Arthur Goldberg has observed, have responded to the last of these recommendations with a "thunderous silence." In looking back over the Soviet position prior to last September's agreement, it turns out that rather than define the circumstances under which they would pay, the Soviets simply enumerated those under which they would not pay—and while these circumstances have been changed to suit the Russians, they still show no signs of clearing up their arrears.

Where does that leave the U.N. so far as its present debts and its future operations are concerned? The answer involves a profusion of committees that have been reformed, reconvened, and occasionally even reincarnated; but they have now settled into two principal bodies. One is the Committee of 33, which, under various names, has been laboring at this thing for five years now and which reportedly is reluctant even to discuss the Secretary General's guidelines for the controversial peace-keeping missions that may arise in the future. The Committee members are reportedly afraid that such discussion would only provoke the Soviets and discourage them from making any voluntary contribution.

The other is the Committee of 14—a brand-new group which was created to deal strictly with the organization's present and future *financial* situation. It has met and even got some serious work done. It is composed of experts in the field of U.N. financing and was set up partly in answer to the French complaint that the budgetary processes of the U.N. left a good deal to be desired and therefore must be straightened out so the French could study the matter properly. On March 28, the Committee released a report on the U.N.'s current deficit based in large part on what has been called the Secretary General's "dead pan" presentation of the organization's unmet obligations and the funds it can expect to receive this year. The "dead pan" part refers to the fact that U Thant had delicately declined to call the delinquents by name in listing $126 million in unpaid "assessments." What all this added up to was an approximation of the amount of money that would be required to meet the U.N.'s short-term solvency problem. That figure is somewhere between $32 and $53 million.

There is not much optimism that the French and the Russians will now leap to contribute money to help wipe out the $32-53-million deficit. The Russians, for example, are feared to have yet another possible fiddle-faddle up their sleeve: namely, revealing that they will be happy to pay a small share provided the United States pays a considerably larger one—all this taking at face value the polite fiction that the amount owing is not part of

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the Soviet debt. For its part, the United States has been making rather ominous noises lately to the effect that it intends to pick and choose somewhat among U.N. operations and that it does not intend to bankroll all of the organization's activities, especially so long as it has a "double standard" on assessments.

These are some of the questions that will hover over the Committee of 14 when it reconvenes soon in Geneva for a second session. But there is even more than that. The Russians have now taken to insisting that some of their U.N. payments will be made in nonconvertible currency. Both they, France, and the Communist-bloc countries are refusing to pay for the servicing of the U.N. bonds—a situation that could cause the U.N.'s debt to increase by about $2.4 million annually and could even lead to another Article 19 imbroglio.

Our Economic Soothsayers

Whenever we sophisticated westerners read that an Asian chief of state never makes an important decision without consulting his astrologer or that hospitals in Africa have to keep witch doctors on the payroll to reassure native patients, we smile a superior smile. But what must other people make of our reliance on the sibylline pronouncements of government economists?

Explanations for the fluctuation of the stock market are confusing enough—prices seem equally likely to "plummet" or "soar" in reaction to news of increased international tension or, as one broker put it to us recently, of a "peace scare." Most confusing of all, however, are the official interpretations of fluctuations in the national economy.

Last year a drop of one-tenth of one per cent or even no change in the monthly Department of Labor unemployment statistics was interpreted as evidence that the Administration's expansionary policy was working and had made progress toward the "interim" goal of four per cent. That was good.

Last fall we came within reach of that goal, and in January it was reached. That was pretty good; but it was emphasized that four per

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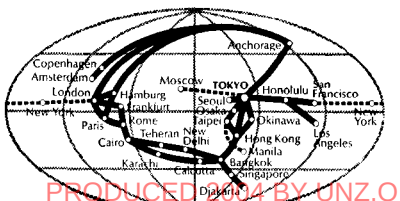

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cent was just a milestone on the way to full employment and that the task ahead of employing the remaining jobless would become more difficult. That was rather bad.

In February, however, the figures continued to go down, reaching 3.7 per cent. That was good? No. It was bad. It was sign of a shrinking labor market, which could lead to higher wages as employers competed for available manpower, therefore higher prices, and the specter of inflation.

The March Labor statistics, released in early April, showed a rise of one-tenth of one per cent. This meant that several thousand breadwinners were out of work, which might have seemed bad to them, but was good as far as the economists were concerned. They hailed the halt in the downward trend as "reassuring" news that inflation might not come after all.

This year industry had planned record expansion that would have resulted in more production, hence the easing of shortages, more contracts and subcontracts to suppliers and builders, hence more jobs and more payroll money to be spread throughout the economy. That's good. But at the behest of the economic soothsayers, the President appealed to management to cut back the expansion plans. Stimulating the boom could stimulate inflation, and that's bad. At the same time, the Department of Agriculture raised support prices for soybeans and dairy products. This would raise farm income and would seem to have the same potentially inflationary effect as raising industrial wages. That's bad, isn't it? But the administration economists who approved the one, deplored the other.

At this point, we began to feel the need for an astrologer.

Good Newport News

The mammoth yards of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock Company have produced key sentinels of the nation's defense—the nuclear carrier *Enterprise* and fifteen nuclear submarines, with four more undersea craft in various stages of construction. But suddenly the shipyard, responding to the threat of a Justice Department suit, agreed this month to set the pace in another key area, by eliminating racial discrimination on the job and providing preferential hiring for Negroes shown to have been bypassed in the past.

Complaints of discrimination in the shipyard are not new. Nothing had been done about them since 1962 when Negroes first complained that the fair-employment provisions in the firm's Federal contracts were being ignored. Despite high-sounding executive pledges, the threat to cancel contracts because of racial discrimination has been treated skeptically both by the contractors and the Pentagon. Persuasion has been tried, sometimes successfully. But no big contracts have been cancelled and only fifteen smaller suppliers even had new defense contracts formally held up.

When a new weapon became available last July in the form of Title VII of the Civil Rights Act, forty-one Negro employees promptly invoked it and complained to the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. But this, too, made little impact on the company. The Commission investigated, found widespread discrimination in hiring, promotion, and access-to-plant facilities. It tried conciliation and was rebuffed by the company. Only in February after the Commission asked the Justice Department to sue and government attorneys began to prepare for court action did the company change its mind and show an interest in talking things over. Even if no existing contracts were to be cancelled, the threat of court action carried the risk that no new ones could be granted while the case was in the courts. This might take at least a year, and contracts are about to be let on a second nuclear carrier costing more than $400 million.

Apparently the subject of contract cancellation was avoided during company negotiations with Defense and Navy personnel. But on March 25, as contract talks were well along, the Labor Department —now in overall charge of contract compliance—ordered a $493-million contract on submarines held up. The unpublicized action was the first

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such to be taken against a major contractor.

The agreement against discrimination was wrapped up a few days later. One provision, calling for an outside expert to see if Negroes have been paid less for equal work, is likely to bring immediate raises to four to five thousand Negro workers. Only thirty-two of the yard's 1,997 supervisory personnel are Negroes, but a study of the qualifications of the most recently promoted whites will be made and all Negroes above their skill level, also to be determined by the still unchosen expert, will have promotion preference as vacancies occur. Eligibility rules will be changed to bring more Negroes into the apprenticeship program; now only 6 of 506 apprentices are Negro.

Commission Chairman Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., noting that job discrimination was prevalent in both the industry and in Tidewater Virginia, called the agreement the "most comprehensive" his group has yet negotiated. He insisted the company's acquiescence had not been "grudging." The sweetness and light went so far as to exclude mention in the Commission's press release of the Justice Department's critical role. When a reporter raised the matter, Roosevelt said, "Frankly, I had hoped the question would not come up."

The Hungry Opposition

A quote from a radio address made by a secessionist leader of the 200,000 Somalis in Kenya's Northern Frontier District indicates what obstacles to harmony and one-nationhood Premier Jomo Kenyatta is up against!

"We, the Northern Frontier District people, vow to skin some people, make parchment from their skins, drain their blood and use it as ink, use their bones as pens, and serve up their flesh as rations, and never give up our fight for independence."

Curious, we thought, that he put the fight for independence last. The ends and means dilemma never seemed so clear: After all that skinning, draining, and pen-making of enemies, who'll be left to be independent from?

"So we ran out of Kahlúa again! Boy, one of these days..."
"First time it happened you said it was because everybody wanted Black Russians at our cocktail party. Okay.
"Then the next time you said it was because we've been having Kahlúa sours before dinner. All right.
"Last time we ran out you said it was because you'd been basting chicken, fish, and meat with it, adding it to chocolate cake batter, and making all those wild desserts. So fine.
"But now there's no Kahlúa left to put in my coffee and I know why. You've been pouring it straight over ice and sipping it all evening long.
"Boy one of these days... Pow, right in the sipper!"
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This Long NATO Crisis

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"THE PRESENT CRISIS in the alliance is primarily due to a breakdown of American, British, and French diplomacy. . . . The tragic paradox of NATO is that it clings to the classic nineteenth-century concept of a military alliance—which cannot meet the problems of the world today—but has lost the arts of consultation and negotiation that made military alliances possible in the nineteenth century."

The staunch Gaullist general who said this to me in 1957 was a member of the French delegation to the conference of NATO parliamentarians that met here in November of that year. Together with all his colleagues, representing every shade of French opinion except the Communists, he had just walked out of a public session in protest against the announced Anglo-American decision to supply Tunisia with arms despite its open military support of the Algerian rebels. When Europeans raise the issue of anti-colonialism in connection with NATO affairs today, they are usually thinking of America's "colonialist" war in Vietnam. But the need for diplomatic skills in tackling the internal problems of the alliance seems greater and the breakdown of western diplomacy more glaringly apparent than ever.

President de Gaulle's share of responsibility for the latest NATO crisis is widely recognized, and there is reason to suppose that even a number of his loyal followers in France are not altogether happy about certain aspects of Gaullist foreign policy that helped provoke it. Less well understood in the United States, however, is Washington's failure, both now and on numerous occasions in the past, to practice effectively "the arts of consultation and negotiation" in dealing with our European allies —or even to bother with them at all. To an American in Europe who has been covering NATO for some twelve years, this seems no less important a factor in bringing about the present dangerous impasse within the alliance than de Gaulle's stubbornness or "old-fashioned nationalism."

Though the Johnson administration has so far wisely avoided the polemics and strong-arm tactics that aggravated the European Defense Community crisis in 1954, evidently it has dropped, at least for the time being, any idea of trying to persuade de Gaulle or of reaching an accommodation with him on the basic issues in dispute. Our policy now apparently consists in maneuvering so as to put de Gaulle in the wrong with both French and world opinion. As the London *Observer* correspondent recently reported from here, Washington and its anti-Gaullist partners in NATO hope that the pressure of French public opinion in a campaign year (elections for the National Assembly, in which the Gaullists now hold a shaky majority, must be held no later than next March) will force de Gaulle to reconsider certain of his NATO policies. According to this view, which is shared by some French circles, we

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have made up our minds to launch at least limited political warfare against de Gaulle until he or his successor agrees to "negotiate" on our terms.

To understand the complexity of the problem, it is useful to review some of the past conflicts in the alliance that help to explain both the seemingly irrational intransigence of de Gaulle's NATO position today and the hidden weaknesses in our own.

The Seeds of Disunity

It is instructive to recall that in the long struggle over the European Defense Community, the underlying issue, then as now, was what might be termed one-way integration. The United States and Britain encouraged the Continentals to accept fairly drastic sacrifices of national sovereignty, but never offered to throw in any significant part of their own sovereignty. Quite a few Continentals—doubtless a majority in West Germany and in the smaller European states—favored the project, despite its lopsidedness. So, more hesitantly, did a number of Frenchmen; others were bitterly opposed. The recognized leader of the anti-EDC forces in France was Charles de Gaulle, then in moody retirement. Virtually up to the final debate on ratification of the EDC treaty in the National Assembly on August 28, 1954, the State Department remained convinced that the coalition of leftists and nationalists opposing it hadn't a chance. One of the most prominent of these was the Radical Socialist Premier Pierre Mendès-France, who did not conceal his lack of enthusiasm for the EDC plan but who nonetheless in his speech to the Assembly affirmed his fidelity to the western alliance in words that have a contemporary ring: "We remain faithful to that alliance which gives us our security, and which we see as cordial co-operation between partners with equal rights, discussing together their common interests while each member remains judge of its own vital and essential national interests."

The National Assembly rejected EDC by 319 to 264 votes. It was a blow to Washington's prestige; for a few days many observers both in Europe and in the United States sincerely believed that the retrograde forces of old-fashioned French nationalism had irreparably shattered the movement toward European unity and scuttled the Atlantic alliance itself. Yet before the year was out, Mendès-France had negotiated the London accords, creating a new framework for military and political co-operation in Western Europe. There were no serious objections this time from de Gaulle, who a few years later, in his talks with Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, was to propose something very close to an EDC —without its more "integrationist" features—while Washington, instead of applauding, would help to bury the dream it had once overenthusiastically sponsored. Perhaps the most lasting adverse effect of the EDC controversy was to revive de Gaulle's wartime suspicions and animosities toward the United States.

The next major NATO crisis, provoked by the U.S. stand in the Suez

affair two years later, was far graver, though our attitude never became a formal issue within the alliance as a whole. Even the moderate Europeans who understood our disapproval of the attack on Egypt and who conceded our right to be angry that it was mounted without consulting us could neither understand nor forgive the United States' vote in the United Nations condemning its own allies. In European eyes we did something that simply is not done: we publicly took sides against two members of the family instead of settling scores with them in private. This viewpoint, which Americans seem to have enormous difficulty in comprehending, was by no means confined to French nationalists and British Conservatives. The alliance has never completely recovered from the blow we dealt it in November, 1956.

Schisms Over Africa

Washington's tendency to build up the authority of the United Nations or improve the U.S. image in the undeveloped countries rather than to maintain cordial relations with its European allies has been manifested a number of times since 1956. In March, 1961, President Kennedy, overriding the misgivings of Secretary Rusk and the "Europeanists" in the State Department, authorized Adlai Stevenson to support an African resolution in the Security Council calling for, among other things, a U.N. inquiry into the situation in Angola, where the nationalist insurrection against Portuguese rule was already going on. According to Theodore C. Sorensen in his White House memoir *Kennedy*, the President, who had supported the Angolan nationalists and who stood against every form of Portugese "diplomatic blackmail" to alter our position, "finally felt that, if necessary, he was prepared to forgo [the U.S. base on Portugal's Azores Islands] entirely rather than permit Portugal to dictate his African policy." These and other manifestations of U.S. anti-colonialism over the years finally backfired on us somewhat awkwardly in March when Portugal publicly dissociated itself from the fourteen-power anti-Gaullist front in NATO that Washington was trying to set up. In much the same category was the ostentatious wooing of the Guinean dictator, Sékou Touré, that took place under the Kennedy administration. De Gaulle had been hostile toward Sékou Touré since 1958, when Guinea voted to sever even the tenuous bonds of the new community linking France with its former African colonies. De Gaulle resented the affront so bitterly as to warn the Eisenhower administration that if Washington gave any aid to Guinea, France might withdraw from NATO. But President Kennedy, on his brother Robert's recommendation, offered Sékou Touré a warmly personal welcome in Washington, promised more economic aid for Guinea, and twice sent his brother-in-law

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Sargent Shriver to that country as a goodwill ambassador.

President de Gaulle has likewise never forgotten his resentment of the New Frontier's early Congo policy, particularly Washington's decision to support U.N. sanctions against Moise Tshombe's separatist régime in Katanga. De Gaulle's irritation was all the greater because he felt that France had not been adequately consulted.

IN THOSE DAYS, European champions of Atlantic unity, including Gaullists, believed that western solidarity should be global, even though the treaty on which the alliance is formally based restricts its scope to the Western European and North Atlantic areas. De Gaulle himself, in his memorandum to Washington of October, 1958, had stressed the need for the leading partners in the alliance with interests outside the NATO area—France, Britain, the United States—to concert their policies. But neither the Eisenhower nor the Kennedy administration displayed any willingness to talk over the problems the memorandum raised.

In reality, Washington's objections to synchronizing policy with that of our allies in Africa or Asia was based—apart from an unavowed reluctance to share power and responsibility—on the fear that we would thus acquire some colonialist taint in the eyes of the "Third World." Raymond Aron of *Le Figaro*, though himself a critic of Gaullist foreign policy, an anti-colonialist, and a pro-American European commentator, spotted the central fallacy underlying the American position.

"Why shouldn't Europeans adopt the same doctrine with regard to American policy in other parts of the world?" he wrote early in 1961. "This doctrine is all the more dangerous because decolonization in Africa is virtually finished and in the next few years it is America rather than Great Britain or France which is most likely to be accused of imperialism."

Aron's prophetic warning comes to mind not only in connection with Europe's present reactions to the war in Vietnam but even more specifically in connection with de Gaulle's demand that American bases be removed from French soil or put under French command.

De Gaulle's agenda for NATO, however, involves a good deal more than the paying off of old scores. As early as April, 1961, C. L. Sulzberger noted in the New York *Times* that de Gaulle seemed convinced "that Washington's policy is not 'Western'." That it is, for example, as often favorable to Nkrumah or to Nasser as it is to France." The inevitable conclusion for de Gaulle was that there was no reason why French policy could not sometimes be as favorable to Castro or to Ho Chi Minh as to the United States. Fanatical American anti-colonialism thus played a major role in turning de Gaulle from Atlanticism and back toward the "old-fashioned nationalism" with which Washington now reproaches him.

Another mainspring of Gaullist internationalism was damaged, perhaps irreparably, by the Kennedy and Johnson administrations' policy

on European unity. There is no way of knowing to what extent de Gaulle himself has taken the European idea seriously. He certainly managed to keep his enthusiasm for it under control at the time of the EDC battle. Yet there was evidence of a flowering of de Gaulle's Europeanism after his return to power in 1958, and particularly after his at first somewhat frosty relations with Adenauer thawed out. As de Gaulle's writings prove, he has championed the cause of Franco-German reconciliation since 1945. Gradually, in his post-1958 speeches and press conferences, he began to paint an ever more glowing picture of a resurrected *grandeur* that was no longer purely French but European, based upon a deep and developing partnership between France and Germany. It was hard to believe that even such a consummate actor as de Gaulle could talk that way unless his imagination had been truly fired. For many Gaullists, the goal of a Europe free from the bureaucratic "integration" they detested, but somehow cemented at its core by the Franco-German reconciliation, became a veritable mystique. And on occasion even de Gaulle himself evoked the possibility of the Common Market someday evolving into a confederation—"or perhaps even federation"—of Europe.

INSTEAD of encouraging the trend, as the Eisenhower administration had done—with excessive exuberance in the case of EDC—the New Frontier gave priority to the Atlantic theme. President Kennedy's concept of Europe and America standing in equal partnership as the two pillars of the Atlantic alliance was warmly welcomed in so far as it seemed to reflect increased American recognition of the European aspiration to be treated as equals. Very soon, however, Gaullists discovered what they considered a deadly flaw in this new American Grand Design. They suspected that Washington, by insisting that Britain enter the Common Market, wanted to dilute its Europeanism, impede the development of an independent European political personality, and above all subject the European Community to indirect American control; Britain would be America's Trojan horse within the European citadel. This suspicion was confirmed, as least in President de Gaulle's mind, when Harold Macmillan accepted the Nassau Agreement of December, 1962, which the general believed meant confining Britain to a subordinate role in an Anglo-American nuclear partnership. At his press conference of January 14, 1963, he revealed his determination to veto Britain's application for membership in the Brussels organization, and a new crisis rocked the alliance.

Whether the Kennedy administration's intentions against the Gaullist design for Europe were originally as sinister as the general imagined is doubtful; they seem above all to

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have been muddled. After the Brussels drama, however, it is undeniable that there were at least intermittent efforts instigated by Washington—though not always by the President or the Secretary of State—to stiffen European resistance to Gaullist leadership, and thus inevitably to divide Europe against itself. Worst of all, the Franco-German partnership became suspect in Washington's eyes, and on occasion U.S. diplomacy attacked it, directly or indirectly.

Another blow at the structure of Franco-German partnership was the multilateral force (MLF) project reactivated by Under Secretary of State George Ball following a visit to Germany in early 1963. Today when one talks with French Gaullists about the background of the present tension between Paris and Washington, the alleged U.S. sabotage of Franco-German partnership and of de Gaulle's European dream emerges as one of the dominant and most emotional French grievances. "It was you Americans who killed Europe," a Gaullist friend said to me recently. "Now you accuse us of narrow nationalism. What else is left for us?"

The Yalta Complex

In reality the narrowness of Gaullist nationalism, whoever is to blame for it, probably has less to do with de Gaulle's decision to withdraw from NATO (though not, as far as he is concerned, from the western alliance) than his recently intensified interest in a broader Europe "from the Atlantic to the Urals." But this concept of a broadened European community is probably neither quite so neutralist nor quite such an immediate goal as some commentators appear to suppose. Its implementation is doubtless considered by him, as it has been from the first, something that is still a long way off and that will remain distant until Eastern Europe has somehow freed itself from the grip of Marxist-Leninism. The real reason why he is now putting more stress on the Europe-from-the-Atlantic-to-the-Urals formula and generally on closer relations with Moscow is that he feels, however unwisely, that such a course is the best way to parry what he looks on as the Yalta trend in United States policy, i.e., Washington's supposed desire or willingness to settle the fate of Europe in bilateral agreements with the Soviet government, without consulting our allies. The same Yalta obsession underlies de Gaulle's Chinese policy.

European fears of a new Yalta are emphatically not confined to de Gaulle, although he is the only statesman to express them out loud. These fears stem primarily from the negotiations for a nuclear test ban launched by the Kennedy administration in the first half of 1963. The Moscow agreement itself was generally welcomed in Europe; but the clubbish intimacy between U.S. and Soviet diplomats or political personalities that both preceded and followed the agreement aroused widespread European suspicions.

The various New Frontier memoirs now coming out suggest that not all their suspicions were groundless. Anecdotes like the one Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., tells about the discussion between President Kennedy and Averell Harriman with regard to "sweetening" the test ban for Khrushchev ("I have some cash in the bank in West Germany and am prepared to draw on it if you think I should") have caused much discussion in Europe. It is assumed here that by "cash in the bank" the President was referring to concessions with respect to West Germany that the United States might offer the Kremlin in return for acceptance of our position on testing.

The Yalta complex has by no means wholly subsided under the present administration. Old worries were revived by the private talks that have taken place during the winter in Geneva between members of the U.S. and Soviet disarmament delegations, and the public assurances last month by the U.S. delegate, Adrian S. Fisher, that the United States would always retain a veto over the use of nuclear weapons in any western nuclear force.

EVEN Washington's recent stress on equipping NATO with satellites for both communications and surveillance of enemy territory appears to have disturbed some of our allies. Obviously, such devices could help monitor any agreement that might be reached with Moscow on staged disarmament or thinning out in Europe. In the words of the U.S. Permanent Ambassador to NATO, Harlan Cleveland, this would convert NATO "from an instrument of deterrence to an instrument of détente"—a concept of technological diplomacy that gives some Europeans cold shivers down the spine and raises the fears that we might be thinking along lines similar to the Rapacki Plan for the neutralization of Central Europe as a means of sweetening purely bilateral offers of détente to Moscow. Such interpretations or misinterpretations of U.S. policy have strengthened de Gaulle's

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determination to do his own sweetening.

A collateral feature of the Kennedy administration's détente policy that sharpened its divisive effect on the alliance was the drive launched by Washington against the independent French nuclear deterrent. Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara started the anti-*force de frappe* campaign at the Athens session of the NATO Council in May, 1962. The French public became conscious of the campaign chiefly through a speech delivered by Walter Lippmann, viewed here at the time as an unofficial but authoritative spokesman of the New Frontier. Speaking in Paris before the Anglo-American Press Association that November, Lippmann called on the Europeans for greater effort in the conventional military field and defended the administration thesis that they should accept exclusive U.S. leadership in the nuclear field. Many European commentators of differing political positions resented Lippmann's assertion of U.S. nuclear monopoly as high-handed and self-righteous. Nassau, of course, intensified this Allied reaction. "No one in Europe is resigned to the imperialism of the Kennedy team," the anti-Gaullist, neutralist, and usually rather pro-New Frontier weekly *Nouvel Observateur* declared at the time. "In this fermentation of national ambitions the President of the Fifth Republic finds the confirmation of his own nationalistic pessimism."

Unlike Europe's fears of a new Yalta, its concern over the threat of American "imperialism" has probably increased since the Johnson team took over, though the Johnson approach, being less self-righteous, is perhaps less resented. The main reason is the steady growth of American business in Europe, and above all the lengthening gap between U.S. and European technology. In the early 1950's European industry seemed to be catching up with that of the United States, but for some years now the trend has been reversed. As was brought out during the Second Ministerial Meeting on Science held at the OECD headquarters here in January, the "technological balance of payments" (measured by the flow of international payments for patents, licenses, and other instruments for the transfer of technical know-how) has become increasingly unbalanced in favor of the United States. In 1961, for example, Western Europe as a whole paid $250 million to import U.S. technical knowledge and sold $50 million worth of its own to the United States. The "brain drain"—the migration of European scientists and engineers to the United States which OECD statisticians calculate amounted to an average of 2,233 persons a year from free Europe from 1956 to 1961—is likewise becoming an increasingly grave problem. Only the most prejudiced Europeans believe that such economic and technological phenomena reflect a deliberate U.S. design to "colonize" Europe, but, as the meeting of OECD ministers likewise revealed, even the most pro-

American Europeans blame us for not being more sensitive to the social and political implications of the trend and for not making a real effort to mitigate its consequences.

THE PRESENT STRENGTH of Gaullism in France and to some extent throughout Western Europe reflects in large measure the weaknesses and errors of U.S. foreign policy since 1954. Several themes of Gaullist propaganda today—the dread of a new Yalta, the resentment of any American dictation, the distress over Europe's technological weakness in the face of American "gigantism," and the feeling that American anti-colonialism has repeatedly led us to betray the West as a whole—were already current in France, even in supposedly internationalist circles, long before de Gaulle returned to power and are widely current in Europe outside France right now.

Gaullist policy within and with respect to the alliance has not always been enlightened, either. De Gaulle's statesmanship seems to suffer at times from a curiously American failing: a tendency to overreact to situations. He is a master of many arts, but not of graduated retaliation. This weakness, together with his pride, his natural stiffness, and his inaptitude for dialogue—as manifested for example in the crisis he provoked last summer with his Common Market partners—has made for deep resentment among France's allies, and to some measure has shaken faith in his leadership at home. In the present NATO crisis, one has the impression that a great many Frenchmen, perhaps a majority, feel that his basic policy is sound but that he has pushed it too far, and above all asserted it too brutally.

Many observers here are convinced that when the French government really starts coming to grips with the technical problems involved in carrying out the divorce from NATO—participation in an early warning system, reciprocal use of air space, utilization of advanced meteorological, communications, and surveillance satellites, the linkup of French forces in Germany with NATO forces on their flank—it will be apparent to everyone in France, including de Gaulle himself, that a total break would condemn France to remain permanently a technologically underdeveloped military power. Already the progress in both U.S. and Soviet anti-missile missiles has introduced a revolutionary factor in NATO strategy that de Gaulle seems to have overlooked. If the new weapons are as effective as reported, they may soon render the *force de frappe* obsolete as a deterrent against the Soviet Union.

All evidence indicates de Gaulle's decision to pull out of NATO was based on purely domestic considerations; presumably he welcomes a somewhat artificial crisis in the alliance as a means of hardening the national will to uphold French independence against all threats, real or imaginary, even after he has disappeared from the stage. One can understand that de Gaulle is prepared to face difficulties and accept sacrifices to achieve his objective, but there must be limits to the cost even he is prepared to pay for it.

Even at this late date a carefully planned and adroit American diplo-

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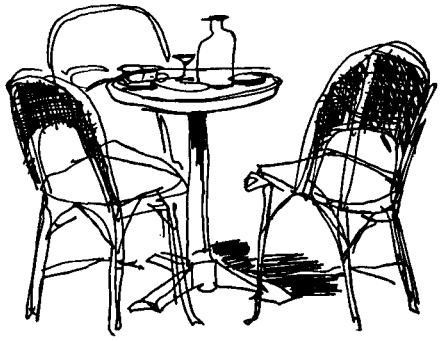
macy could accomplish much to limit or repair the damage de Gaulle is doing the alliance; instead, we seem to be aggravating it. In itself, President Johnson's reply to the French memorandum on withdrawing from NATO did no serious harm. True, its disguised appeal to the French electorate was, as *Le Monde* remarked, not quite disguised enough, and the "leakage" of the text in Bonn was a clumsy, needlessly offensive way of making it public. Still, these were minor faults; the major ones were errors of omission. The President's arguments in favor of maintaining the present NATO structure were timeworn ones that carry little weight in France today.

WHILE there is general agreement in NATO on the need for maintaining it as an integrated organization despite France's withdrawal and for reorganizing its defense machinery as effectively as possible in the circumstances, many of our partners see and deplore an Anglo-American tendency to write France off completely as a member of the alliance. Manlio Brosio, the skilled Italian diplomat who is NATO's Secretary General, voiced what is quite possibly the deepest feeling among a majority of its members. In a statement on the seventeenth anniversary of the North Atlantic Treaty's signature on April 4 he declared, "Our alliance should above all else preserve its political unity in the greatest possible measure." Some NATO circles here took Brosio's words as an indirect appeal for keeping the NATO Council and civilian staff headquarters in Paris—an idea de Gaulle is reported to favor as a symbol of France's continued membership in the alliance, but which some anti-Gaullists in the organization oppose on the grounds that France is too undependable a host. The incomprehensible optimism voiced in Washington and London over NATO's ability to function meaningfully without at least some sort of close French co-operation likewise worries many western diplomats here, who themselves tend to agree with the forthright evaluation of René Dabernat in *Combat* that "The Atlantic crisis gives the Soviet Union the greatest victory it has ever won without war."

By far the most disturbing aspect of current U.S. NATO policy is that while the President and high U.S. officials maintain a dignified attitude in public and talk about "keeping a light in the window" for France, the main U.S. diplomatic missions in Western Europe are unmistakably inspiring a vindictive anti-Gaullist press campaign and stirring up increased hostility to de Gaulle among pro-western political elements in France and throughout Europe. A noticeable hardening of the anti-Gaullist front in NATO occurred after Under Secretary Ball visited Paris late last month, though his own remarks to a rump meeting of the NATO Permanent Council were reliably described as moderate in tone. Ball also embittered relations



with the Elysée Palace by addressing his arguments directly to the French people in an interview in *Le Monde.*

British diplomacy appears to be even more incendiary than ours. The combined influence of the two is discernible in an article early this month by Robert Stephens, the London *Observer's* diplomatic correspondent. "Senior American officials are angrily convinced," Stephens reported, "not merely that President de Gaulle has no intention of negotiating seriously about his present moves but also that he never had any such intention. They believe he deliberately deceived the United States government over the years.... American diplomats are incensed at the accusation of Gaullist publicists that the U.S. has forced de Gaulle to act because it turned a deaf ear to his repeated requests for talks. . . . There is agreement among the Allies that the General must not be allowed to get away with it. . . . The U.S. sees here a profound conflict of principles. . . . While the Allies want to prove their point, they will do so with restraint."

Restraint evidently does not apply in the field of Anglo-American press policy with respect to de Gaulle. What is being supplied to reporters and commentators in the chief western capitals is not background information for enlightening the public but thinly veiled directives for waging political warfare against de Gaulle and France. Gaullist political warriors are not backward in retaliating; in fact, it could be said they started several years ago. The whole situation could not be better from the Kremlin's viewpoint if its own political agents had planned it this way. Perhaps they did—to a greater extent than any of the western governments concerned yet realize.

If the present campaign to mobilize European opinion against de Gaulle makes any headway, the result will be to destroy the Common Market. If the campaigns to mobilize French opinion against him should somehow succeed, a constitutional crisis in France would almost certainly be added to the crisis in the alliance. The tentative front already shaping up between Gaullists and Communists would be cemented and the government most likely to follow General de Gaulle's would be a kind of national Communist one.

THE BEST WAY to prevent such nightmares from coming true is for Washington to reserve political warfare exclusively for our enemies and to return to the forgotten arts of consultation, persuasion, and negotiation in working out differences with our allies. It no longer matters who didn't talk when the chance was offered or who failed to listen. What counts is to open a serious-minded negotiation now, not merely on the technical details of France's future relationship to NATO but on the fundamental misunderstandings or conflicts of interest that trouble our relations with our oldest ally. If we fail to heed this lesson or fail to relate it to the size and offensive deployment of Soviet forces in Eastern Europe, we risk a humiliating defeat with loss of immediate prestige and influence. And the long-term consequences for the West as a whole could be disastrous.

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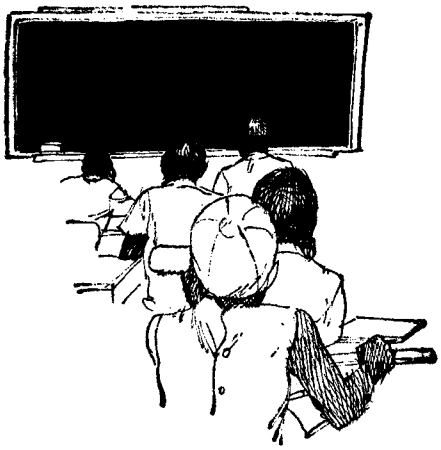
Ghana Sketches

by

Tom Feelings



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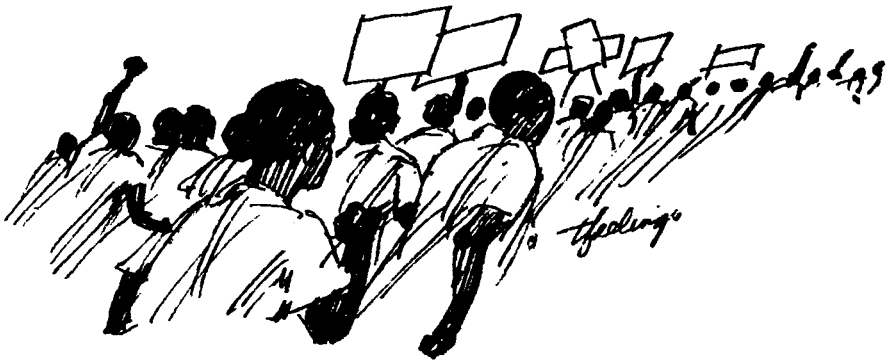

Ghana Gets A Second Chance

CLAIRE STERLING

ACCRA

NOBODY landing at the airport here could readily forget the reception committee waiting night and day for a man who will almost certainly never come. The dozen soldiers pointing their bayoneted rifles at the aircraft's door, the machine gunner lying prone at the foot of the steps behind a weapon trained squarely on descending passengers, are clearly prepared to shoot at sight. Though Kwame Nkrumah was allowed to leave his country alive, he would not meet with such forbearance should he return—assuming that he would be kind enough to arrive incognito on a regular airline.

Yet apart from those watchful troops on the airstrip, there is nothing grim about Ghana. In ten years of traveling, I have rarely come across a people so relaxed and radiantly gay. Even now, weeks after regaining their liberty, Ghanaians continue to revel in it and marvel at it. Nothing seems to dampen their spirits: the fact that Nkrumah has left them an empty treasury and billion-dollar national debt, the famine looming in the north, the years of painful austerity ahead. "We may be broke," a senior civil servant told me exultantly. "But by God, we're free."

With so many infant countries intoxicated by their newly gained freedom, we might reasonably be skeptical about this one. In fact, *especially* this one, whose immediate past could scarcely be considered exemplary. Small as it is, Ghana has had an immense influence on post-colonial Africa and on nationalist movements everywhere. When it ceased to be a British colony, formally in 1957 but effectively in 1951, it was the pearl of the Black Continent; rich in natural resources and trade, richer still in human talents, incomparably better educated and more professionally skilled than its neighbors, blessed with a population of exceptional wit and charm. As the first black African state to become independent after the war, it might have provided excellent leadership for those coming after it. Instead, all its wealth and prestige were squandered on a reckless political adventure, bringing misery to its citizens and pernicious disorder to whatever fellow African states it could get at.

For fifteen years, Kwame Nkrumah's voice thundered over Africa, calling on its 300 million black inhabitants to unite under the banner of scientific socialism, anti-neocolonialism, and Kwame Nkrumah. If the voice eventually began to pall abroad, it apparently did not at home, where Nkrumah's eight million subjects knelt in reverence before his messianic dedication. He was the "Osagyefo": redeemer, savior, chief of the bravest chiefs. Spellbound by his extraordinary magnetism, they submitted step by step to the destruction of every democratic institution left behind by the British. In the end, Nkrumah had become the continent's most despotic black ruler.

The End of a Nightmare

It may be hard to believe that the Ghanaians of all people, having been ruled by Nkrumah since the nation was born, should care deeply about their freedom. But one cannot stay in this country long without feeling that in spite—or because—of those degrading fifteen years, they do. What happened here last February 24 was not just another shoddy Afro-Asian military coup. It was an authentic popular revolt against tyranny, the first of its kind in Africa since the colonial era ended and a kind that any country would be proud of.

The coup itself was impeccable. At 2 A.M. on the appointed day, the commanding officer of the regular army's second brigade, Colonel Emmanuel Kotoka, sent half his troops off on a routine march from northern Tamale, unarmed. The other half was instructed to depose Nkrumah and, armed only with light infantry weapons, proceeded to the capital to do so. By dawn, Kotoka's men had surrounded the heavily fortified government headquarters at Flagstaff House and called upon the President's own regimental guard—an independent battalion of superbly equipped Russian-trained troops under Nkrumah's personal command—to surrender. Had the Osagyefo been present, there might have been serious bloodshed. But he was halfway to Peking that morning, on a self-appointed mission to make peace in Vietnam. Without him, the elite presidential guard, formed solely to protect a man driven half insane by fears for his life, put up little resistance.

Probably there would have been no shooting at all if the President's guardsmen had not themselves opened fire. Even so, Colonel Kotoka reacted with admirable restraint. Rather than bring up tanks and heavy mortars for an assault that might have taken many lives, he

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simply returned the light fire, issued an ultimatum for 11:30, and waited half an hour past the deadline for an answer. By noon, with only seven casualties, the army had essentially completed its task. By nightfall, so had the police. Under the skillful direction of Police Commissioner J. Kofi Harley, more than five hundred people had been arrested, including all but three of the members of the National Assembly, all the leaders of Nkrumah's Convention People's Party, and every district and regional commissioner in the country. Not one of them had suffered the least bodily harm.

There was never any curfew; there was no need for one. When Colonel Kotoka announced in an early-morning broadcast that "the myth surrounding Nkrumah has been broken," the nation rose in thanksgiving. "At first I could not believe it," a young schoolteacher told me. "When I knew it must be true, and I trembled, I just trembled, and I ran into the street in my nightie, and everybody else did, and we danced." That day and for many days afterward, the Ghanaians danced, sang, prayed, cheered, and paraded through the capital waving jubilant posters: "No More Animal Farm," "Thank You, Darling Army," "Even Horses Love Liberty!" Boisterous wakes for the departed Osagyefo went on until dawn, and coffins bearing his effigy were carried to the cemetery only to be snatched from a waiting grave lest his presence disturb the righteous dead. "Our people were moaning and praying for deliverance," Police Commissioner Harley said. "Now the nightmare is over. We will not make this mistake again as long as I live."

The Spoils of 'Socialism'

Not even Nkrumah's bitterest critics had realized how garish the nightmare was. For the man who had compelled his subjects to worship him as a living god—and who had passed in the highest international circles as a reputable Marxist intellectual—turns out to have been not only a pitiless and paranoid dictator but a fraud, a liar, and a colossal crook.

It is only since the coup that the full details have come to light. The Osagyefo had taken considerable pains to silence his closest collaborators: his secret agents and paid informers were everywhere, and his prisons perennially crowded. Of the 786 political detainees released by the new National Liberation Council, thirty-one had been in jail for seven years or more. Tortured, beaten, starved, chained to a wall at ankle and wrist, scores of others had died. A great many had never learned why they were arrested; a number had been turned in to the secret police by a son or daughter taught to spy on their parents as members of the Young Pioneers—a movement to which all Ghanaian schoolchildren were compelled to belong, formed under the guidance of Hanna Reitsch, a Nazi woman pilot who had tried to fly Hitler out of Germany on the day of his death.

By now, however, the Ghanaians know a great deal more about Nkrumah. Among other things, they have learned from evidence gathered by examining magistrates that he had amassed a personal fortune of nearly $50 million, about a tenth of it kept in cash at home and the rest deposited to his accounts in London, New York, Paris, Frankfurt, Zurich, Beirut, and Cairo. The story of how he did it is particularly illuminating for those, above all in the left wing of the British Labour Party, who had stoutly maintained all along that his socialist principles were sound, however questionable his methods.

At the time of his downfall, Nkrumah's socialism had brought unrelieved economic suffering to his people. Once the most prosperous nation in Black Africa, Ghana carried the heaviest tax burden on the continent; and where the price of basic foods had quintupled and worse in some cases—beef, flour, rice—Ghana had had no general wage increase for nine years.

The humbler Ghanaians were therefore growing steadily poorer, and the less humble steadily humbler. Apart from some Cabinet ministers who had comfortable Swiss bank accounts, there were scarcely any wealthy citizens left, and practically no native private enterprise. All but one of the fifty-two industrial and commercial state enterprises were losing money: Ghana Airways alone was $21 million in the red. But that evidently did not trouble Nkrumah. "When I tried to give him advice that I knew would help the nation," his former financial adviser, Emmanuel Ayeh-Kumi, testified recently before an investigating commission in Accra, "I was told to shut up and given books to read on the formation of capital in a socialist state."

Knowing Nkrumah as he did, Ayeh-Kumi might just have found the books amusing. For one thing, as he revealed in his testimony, the Osagyefo had made no bones about his true motive for suppressing private enterprise. "He informed me that if he permitted American business to grow, it would become a rival power to his and he would do everything to stop it, which he did." For another thing, Nkrumah was making a very good thing out of his foundering state enterprises, many of which were contributing generously to a "nonprofit" corporation called Nadeco which belonged secretly and exclusively to Nkrumah.

THAT was only one source of Nadeco's income. Others included the compulsory sale of car insurance to all government employees, the rent on two large modern office buildings and a luxury housing development, a flat ten per cent commission on the value of all import licenses, and a standard ten per cent kickback from nearly every foreign firm with building contracts in Ghana. The kickbacks were obligatory, although most of the firms were lending Ghana the money to do this building; and even the private financial institutions in Europe to which Nkrumah eventually turned for state loans (at eighteen per cent interest, with Ghana's cocoa crop pledged as security) were forced to pay him the usual commission on the loans they gave. One European financier who had supplied the credits for Ghana Airways planes was compelled to pay Nadeco $240,000 for the privilege. "He has made enough money," Nkrumah told Ayeh-Kumi. "We should manage to take some."

This goes a long way to explain why Ghana was utterly bankrupt when Nkrumah fell—the more his government spent, the more he made. Nothing was too extravagant

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for his impoverished country: a steel mill that ran out of raw materials in three months; an eighteen-mile, four-lane superhighway that cost $20 million and is hardly ever used; a $45-million jet airstrip in Tamale with a longer runway than any Ghanaian aircraft might conceivably need; a sumptuous $20-million palace with twelve stories, thirteen elevators, and a banqueting hall seating two thousand, built for last October's summit meeting of African chiefs of state and standing empty since.

For years, Nkrumah had no difficulty in finding the necessary credits. They were positively thrust upon him, either by eastern-bloc countries with an eye to the political future, or by western speculators counting on preposterously inflated cost estimates to ensure them lucrative returns. But the time came when the credits dried up. By early 1965, Nkrumah had to send his Finance Minister on a tour of three continents in search of $3.5 billion to tide him over. He was turned down.

A Communist Comeuppance

Judging from discoveries made by the National Liberation Council, one would think that the Russians, at any rate, might have come to his rescue. Corrupt as he was, his loss to them is grievous. Even top army and police officers here had not known before the coup how deeply the Russians (not to mention the Chinese) had penetrated their country, and how far Nkrumah had gone towards making Ghana Africa's first Communist republic.

In a land with only eight million inhabitants, the Russians had 1,122 experts and advisors, and the Chinese 207. Three hundred and sixty Russians had been manning a fleet of Ghanaian trawlers supplying proteins to the natives and intelligence information to the Kremlin. Dozens of Russians and Chinese had been running a network of subversive training camps, teaching Africans from more moderate independent states the art of overthrowing their governments. Russian engineers were just completing the Tamale airstrip, which could easily serve as a staging area for military operations throughout the continent. Russian technicians had been building electronic laboratories and wire-tapping centers for ultra-sophisticated counter-intelligence work for which there is no evidence that the Ghanaians themselves are trained. And Russian arms shipments had been arriving secretly since 1961—not for the regular army, which is British-equipped, but for the Russian-trained presidential guard, designed ultimately to supplant it. Not only have enough of these weapons been found to equip four full battalions: they include advanced types that even the Pentagon did not know the Russians had developed. Quietly, the Soviet Union had been shaping an African Cuba.

What is most surprising is that, for all the Osagyefo's eloquent exhortations on the subject, his people were singularly disinclined to

become African Cubans. No doubt there are some Ghanaians with a strong (if presently subdued) Communist vocation. But the average Ghanaian's aversion for the Soviet system is too plain to be questioned. "We've already had a taste of Nkrumah's socialism, thank you," one of their diplomats serving in the U.N. told me. "Frankly, the Russian and Chinese versions would bore us to death."

In fact, the public was obviously so delighted when the National Liberation Council announced the expulsion of the Chinese and Russian experts that it could justifiably claim to have sent them home for their own good. Except for the Russian "fishermen," who had to be dragged forcibly from their trawlers, the departing Communists knew it. "We seem to have made an error here," observed the Soviet ambassador. "These things happen."

It is characteristic of the men now governing Ghana that they should be scrupulously concerned for the safety, not just of the foreign agents imported by Nkrumah, but of his most intimate associates. Taken into protective custody within hours of the revolt, they have been spared all unnecessary discomfort; and apart from those known to have stolen state funds—who have been guaranteed a fair and open trial—they are already being released on generous terms.

In a simple and moving speech, the chairman of the National Liberation Council, General J. A. Ankrah, explained why: "Although the Council intended and indeed saw it as our civic responsibility to destroy permanently the vicious machine oppressing the people of this country for so many years, it was not our aim to substitute for Kwame Nkrumah's monstrous weapons another tool of oppression. It was never our intention to destroy the sons and daughters of this nation who, by intimidation and compulsion, had to lend their support to [his] infamous party. It was never our desire merely to replace the sorrow of one set of families by the sorrow of others through use of the pernicious weapon of detention . . . those against whom criminal cases can be made will be prosecuted. But those found to have carried out the policies of Kwame Nkrumah under duress . . . we shall be morally bound to release. The police will ensure that none of these harmless persons is molested in any way. . . . We stand by freedom and justice, and by true freedom and justice we shall run the affairs of the nation."

It was a remarkable expression of trust. When the decision to release the prisoners was made, barely a month after the coup, the eight members of the National Liberation Council had nothing to offer their countrymen but hardship: the economy was in a shambles, shops were all but empty, prices were prohibitive, supplies of rice, flour, milk, and sugar were running out, and there was no money to buy more abroad. No professional politician would assume that eight million people would, under these conditions, be proof against the practiced wiles of

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Nkrumah's most notorious supporters—especially with Nkrumah's own sybilline voice broadcasting from nearby Guinea night after night.

I have heard the voice, and it is uncannily persuasive. No longer surrounded by yes-men, Nkrumah has evidently lost the illusion he had in Peking when news of the coup reached him: that he had only to land in Accra to be reinstalled triumphantly in Flagstaff House. He must also realize that despite his exalted new position as co-President of Sékou Touré's Communist-leaning Guinea, he hasn't the remotest chance of reconquering Ghana with the help of the Guinean armed forces. For all Touré's blusters, in order to do so, the none too formidable Guinean army would have to get past the Ivory Coast, and the French army guaranteeing that country's security. Nevertheless, the Osagyefo has by no means given up hope. The old magic of his personality is still there, in his nightly broadcasts. In time, Ghanaians may forget how badly off they had been in the knowledge of how badly off they still are.

Certainly the National Liberation Council is keenly aware of this. Whether or not they regret having let Nkrumah go alive, the Council's leaders are determined to bring him back as soon as possible for public trial. After talking to General Ankrah, the now promoted General Kotoka, and Police Commissioner Harley, I could not help believing that whatever the odds, they might succeed.

Ghana's Opportunity—and Ours

Meanwhile, the Council is moving swiftly to rescue the economy. It cannot do much to ease the situation at once: Ghana at present has $1.2 billion worth of debts and an almost valueless currency. The only immediate relief possible has been a cut in the last crushing round of taxes imposed by Nkrumah two days before he fell—on salt, sugar, rice, milk, flour, matches, kerosene, and rents. There will be little more to look forward to for at least the next eighteen months.

But Ghanaians had an unusually promising economic future when they came to independence, and can count now on unusual human resources to pull them through. The senior civil service here is not only the best in Africa but includes economists and technicians of international repute, many of whom have done outstanding work at Oxford and Harvard.

Of course they will get help from abroad. The question is how fast, how much, and what kind. It is a particularly compelling question for the United States. During the past decade of decolonization, our African policy has often puzzled our African friends. Obsessed by the threat of Russian and Chinese penetration, we have intervened massively with our dollars in a great many places. Frequently, our money has supported régimes with nothing

but their anti-Communism to recommend them. No less frequently, it has shored up régimes with only their pro-Communism to distinguish them. Nkrumah's Ghana and Sékou Touré's Guinea are excellent cases in point.

On the assumption that we could bribe Touré away from the East—and he is the most subtle and least recuperable Marxist of all African leaders—between fiscal 1959 and fiscal 1965 the U.S. government contributed $75 million toward stabilizing the country's economy. On the same assumption, we helped build Nkrumah's prestigious Volta Dam and continued to aid him financially, if on a diminishing scale, until nearly the very end. Last November we did turn down Nkrumah's request for surplus foods, but only under extreme provocation: he had just published a book in which he attacked President Kennedy, the Peace Corps, AID, and U.S. policies and "neocolonialism" in general.

Now we have been given a great opportunity to make amends—an opportunity that not we but the Ghanaians themselves have created. The inevitable Communist charge that the CIA was behind this coup is not so much absurd as irrelevant: the army and police force here obviously didn't need us to do their work for them.

Beset by the war in Vietnam, the State Department was initially slow to react. Under the energetic prodding of Ambassador Franklin Williams, it has gradually picked up speed: we have already sent twenty thousand cases of canned milk; our first emergency shipments of flour and rice will be flown in by air this month; and more surplus foods, along with tobacco and cotton for idle factories, will be arriving by summer. That is far from enough.

The Ghanaians will need more than food or even money, which they will doubtless get in sufficient quantity for at least this year's requirements from Western Europe, the World Bank, and the United States. Their larger need is for comprehension. In their revulsion against Nkrumah and his policies, they have turned warmly toward the West. But they do not intend and cannot afford to become a western satellite economically, politically, or diplomatically. If they have discarded Nkrumah's economic dogma and opened the country to private foreign investment, they plainly will not welcome the kind of freebooting western carpetbaggers (a few Americans, many more British) who had made a fortune on Nkrumah's greed.

Nor will they rely on western capital exclusively for development. After a suitable cooling-off period, the Russians will be invited back to help in Ghana's reconstruction, and the smaller Eastern European states have already been asked to remain. In the same way, the National Liberation Council has made it clear that it will not join an anti-Soviet bloc in Africa or the U.N. On issues like Vietnam, it is likely to vote with the Russians, and on purely African issues—the problem of white-dominated Rhodesia, for instance—it will not hesitate to follow a rigid African line.

Above all, the Ghanaians cannot

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be rushed politically. While they have asked our embassy for every available book on the American Constitutional Convention (characteristically in short supply at our USIS library here) their lawyers will probably work out a constitution better adapted to their country than to ours, and after fifteen years of regimentation, miseducation, and egregiously corrupt political rule, it may be five years before the army can safely entrust a civilian government with any democratic institutions at all.

The Example

Nevertheless, this is not an ordinary army. From the time it set out to liberate Ghana, its officers have shown a moral courage, rectitude, compassion, and competence that many more sophisticated countries might well envy. "Although this is a military-cum-police régime," General Ankrah told a meeting of regional and district administrative officers recently, "there is no reason why your actions should bear down heavily on the public. It will be a vital part of your duties to promote the public's confidence in defense of the freedom which the armed forces and police have regained for this country. . . . The public will expect of you the highest standards of efficiency, integrity, devotion, honesty, and loyalty . . . Although you may not always be bound to accept official advice from your civilian secretaries, it would be prudent to fully consider it before taking decisions. . . . In all your acts, you must never forget the rule of law."

Too insecure to view any military take-over with equanimity, many African heads of state like Jomo Kenyatta of Kenya, Julius Nyerere of Tanzania, and Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia still hesitate to recognize Ghana's National Liberation Council. But the new Ghana's leaders are setting a kind of example their fellow Africans cannot ignore. They may fail in the end; the problems before them are heartbreaking. If they succeed, however, in preserving their country's present freedom and sanity throughout the ordeal in the months ahead and start the climb toward the prosperity that was Ghana's, then the world will have to be grateful to them.

The Plight Of the Rural Poor

BILL KOVACH and NAT CALDWELL

A FOURTH of all farms and a fifth of all other rural homes lack running water. Children receive, on the average, two years' less education than in the city and its quality is apt to be inferior. Unemployment and underemployment runs at a rate of fifteen per cent, more than twice as great as the national average. Moreover, the tools for rebuilding rural areas are not available—rural residents have less access to credit for housing, for business expansion, and for public utilities. As Secretary of Agriculture Orville L. Freeman has said, "Rural America is a place from which the poor, the uneducated, the unskilled, the hopeless, migrate to the cities when they cannot find jobs in their home communities." And, he might have added, these poor are usually not needed or even usable when they get there.

Rural poverty is largely regional. Of the thirty poorest Congressional districts, twenty-nine are in the rural South. The backbone of rural poverty is that broad strip running from southern New York to central Alabama along the Appalachian Mountains. There are wide pockets in Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas. The problem is also serious in Florida, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Oklahoma, and California, with its great numbers of migrant farm workers.

DURING the last year it has become clear that a large part of the sixteen million poor who live in rural areas—nearly half of the total in the entire nation—are not being reached by the Federal agencies created and charged with eliminating poverty. Slowly and painfully, rural leaders and Federal officials have become aware of the special character of rural poverty that has confounded every agency and program created to deal with the problem. An almost complete lack of basic facilities has repeatedly frustrated agencies concentrating on the development of physical resources. Industry, jobs, and business cannot be stimulated in areas lacking water systems or educational, recreational, and sewage facilities. The Office of Economic Opportunity, which concentrates on human development, cannot function adequately in areas robbed of local leadership by years

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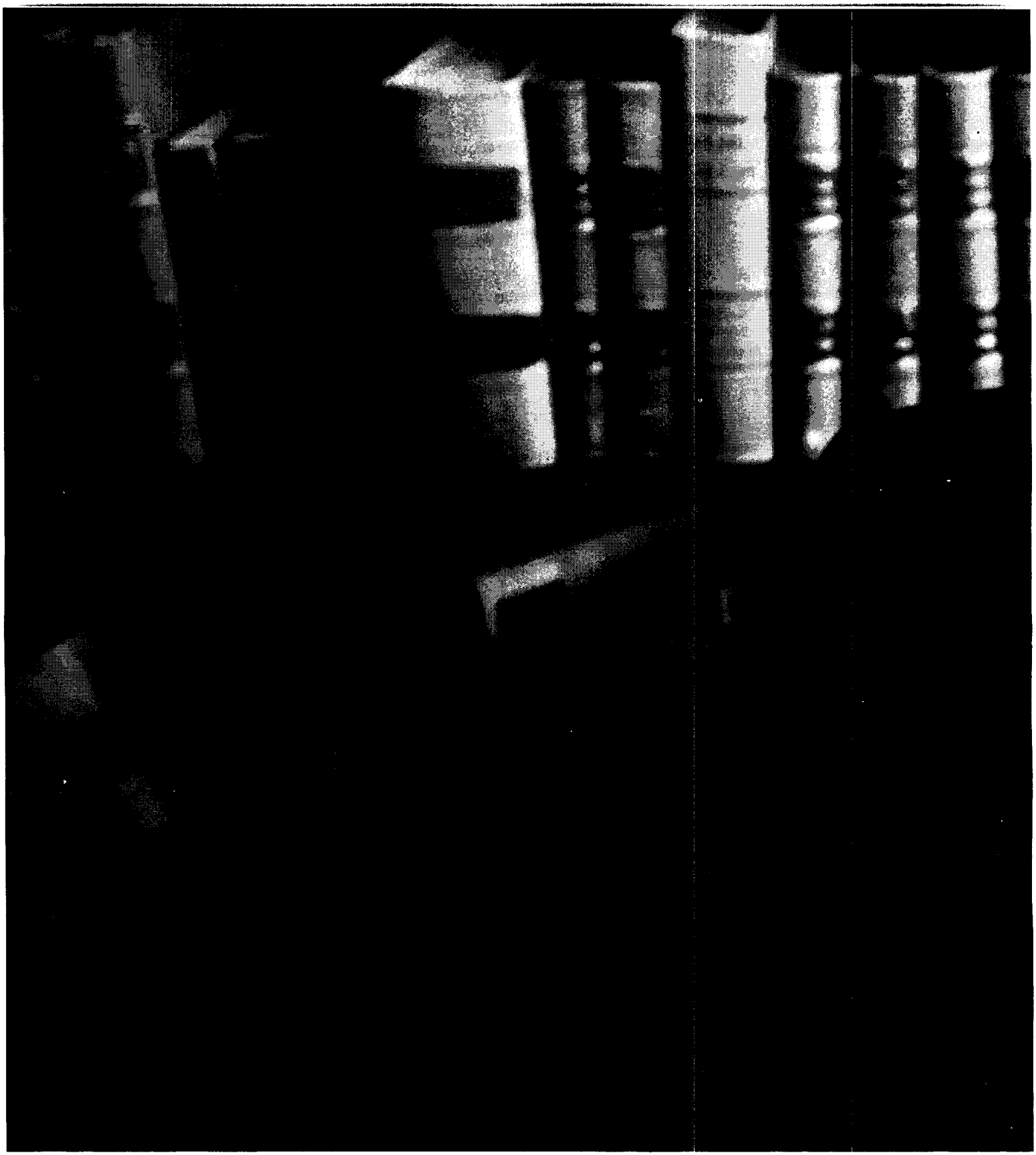

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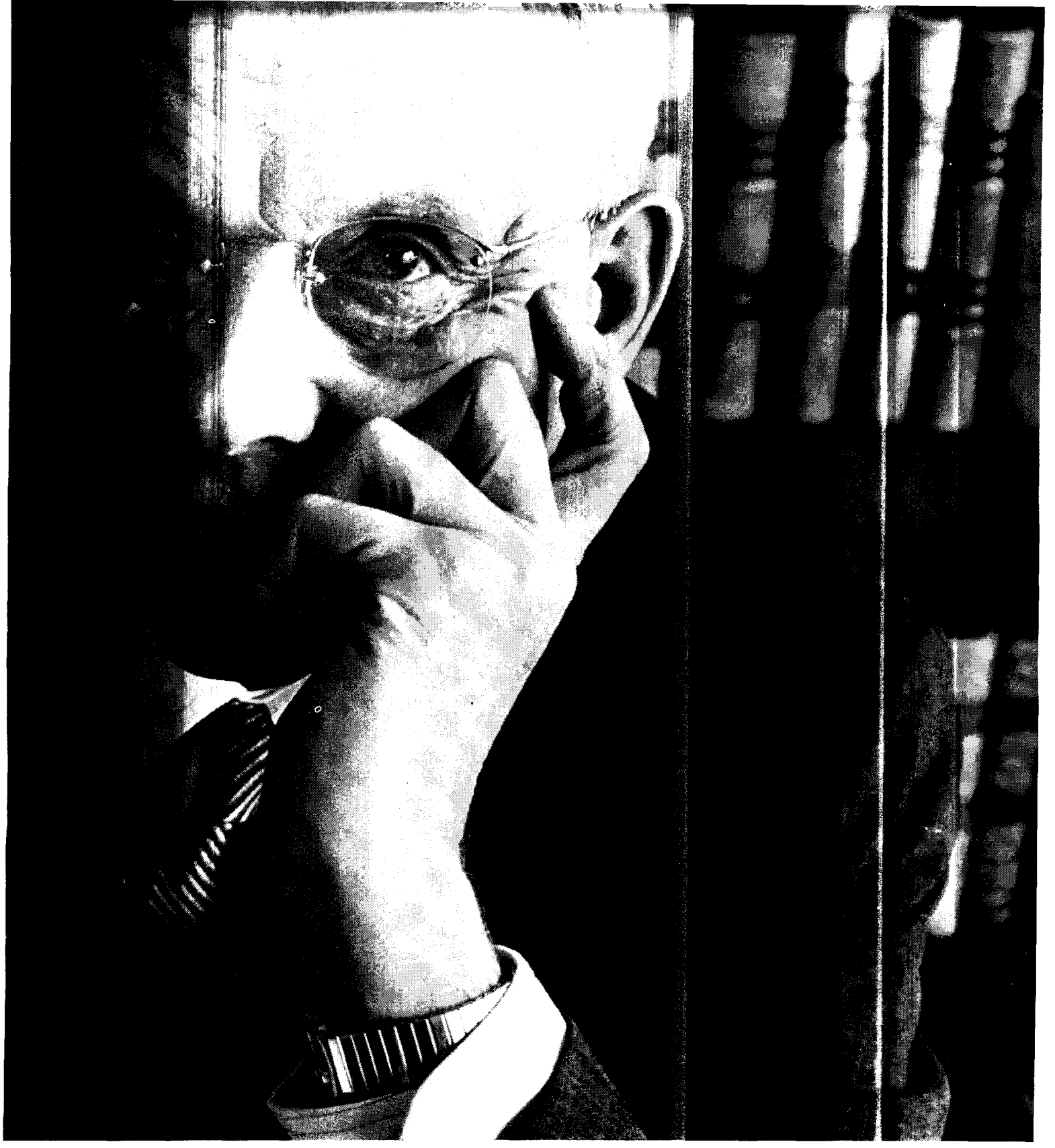

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of migration and whose population is so widely scattered that community action is almost impossible. In the rural South, the application of all the programs has run into an inherent resistance to integration and drastic economic change, especially in areas of substandard development dominated by a single industry such as mining or cotton.

One big reason why the rural poor have been neglected as compared to those in cities is that they produce no political leverage. In describing the plight of migrant workers, an Office of Economic Opportunity official summed up the helplessness of rural poor everywhere: "They seldom vote, so they have no political power, and what they have is so widely dispersed it is ineffective. They have little money to spend, so they have no power in the commercial world. They just don't reach the power structure of our society."

In the Appalachians, rural poverty is the result of years of state neglect. "The states," according to Harry Caudill of Kentucky, "never cared about their Appalachian counties." Caudill, a lawyer whose book *Night Comes to the Cumberlands* established him as an authority on the region, points out that the rotting, inadequate schools are state schools, that the crumbling roads are state roads. But outside Appalachia the picture is generally the same. Long-standing state neglect of the problems of a locally exhausted resource like coal, or the plight of subsistence farmers, migrant workers, and sharecroppers, has made the new Federal efforts to solve them even more difficult.

Finding a Balance

Federal action on the nation's poor was slow in coming, and when it arrived, the rural areas got short shrift. By February, 1965, it was clear to President Johnson that Federal programs were failing to meet the needs of the rural poor. In a message to Congress, he demanded that any department or agency administering programs that could benefit rural people "assure that its benefits are distributed equitably between urban and rural areas."

The President ordered the formation of an office in the Department of Agriculture as the co-ordinating arm in promoting development programs in rural areas. But this office, the Rural Community Development Service (RCDS), has barely started to function. At the moment, its main activity is to help rural residents qualify for Social Security and Medicare, and to work with rural leaders in the direction of local projects. Eventually, a major function of the RCDS will be to act as a liaison between Department of Agriculture field workers on the county level and all Federal agencies administering rural programs. Nine offices in eleven states are now open, and it is hoped that twenty-three will be in operation by June. But the RCDS has been slow appointing state directors, partly because of red tape, partly because of the difficulty of the job. Each state office consists of only one man—the state director.

The new service has also received little help and even less co-operation from other Federal agencies. Agriculture officials complain that OEO co-operation is especially lacking. "They're all city-oriented over there," one Agriculture aide said, "and they look on us as an old, stodgy bureaucracy that can't handle problems as well as they. What they overlook is the fact that we have field workers in almost every county in the nation who could serve as representatives to develop rural programs—but it's going to take co-operation."

By September, President Johnson's plea for equitable distribution of benefits had resulted in so little action that sixteen Senators joined Gaylord Nelson (D., Wisconsin) in a letter to Vice President Humphrey calling for a new effort to get Federal help into rural areas. Two months later, in November, the Vice President noted the persistence of the problem at a national OEO press seminar and called for "a better working relationship . . . between OEO and the Department of Agriculture." Other OEO officials promptly agreed. Joseph A. Kershaw, in charge of evaluating programs for OEO, admitted that the urban-rural investment ratio was far out of balance, probably "because the urban problems are easier to get at." He promised that "Next year at least forty-five per cent of the [OEO] budget will be in rural programs."

When queried last month, however, Kershaw was less optimistic: "I don't think we'll make the forty-five per cent figure."

Officials in OEO have been reluctant to discuss the extent of the gap between urban and rural programs. A meaningful breakdown of rural-urban expenditures is hard to come by. But OEO's total expenditures for the past year give some indication: for the period from November 24, 1964, through November 1, 1965, OEO figures show an investment of $741,784,368 in urban programs as contrasted with $222,378,423 in rural ones.

Richard Wenner, the OEO representative on a task force considering rural problems, has given another and more specific indication of the gap. Recently he told rural leaders at a Chattanooga, Tennessee, meeting that OEO expenditures in rural Community Action programs amounted to only fifteen per cent of the $637 million allocated for fiscal 1966. But if funds for Head Start projects (preschool educational programs) are excluded, only seven to eight per cent of OEO's Community Action budget remained for rural programs. Since many other programs (rural loans, migrant-worker aid, Job Corps camps, and others) have rural impact, OEO officials argue, and with some justification, that such figures are misleading.

While efforts such as the Labor Department's vocational training program or rural loans have been helpful, they hardly strike at the roots of rural poverty. The rural loan program is an example of the narrow objectives of such remedies. A farmhand in Mississippi, for instance, receives $1,850 (with up to fifteen years to repay at 4.125 per cent interest) to set up a small garage and purchase tools. The expectation is that his $2,500 annual income will rise by about $1,000 so that he can better care for his ten dependents. In other cases, even such limited objectives are not met. A sharecropper who has coveted a tractor obtains one through the rural loan program only to learn that his problem goes much deeper than the lack of a tractor.

OEO guidelines make urban treatment easier. A recent experience in

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West Virginia is a case in point. The key to an effective attack on rural poverty is a Community Action Program designed to bring the full force of co-ordinated Federal help to bear on a given community. Mineral and Hardy Counties in West Virginia set up their Community Action Program in November, 1964—the first such rural project financed in the nation. Later, through OEO's request that an effort be made to reach as many people as would an equivalent program in an urban area, the project was expanded to include four other counties. But then urban-developed OEO guidelines got in the way. As R. E. Fisher, publisher of the Moorefield *Examiner*, tells it, OEO "said we had to have more representation from the poor—the poor being defined as having less than $3,000 a year income. They never seemed to realize that the six-county area consisted of 3,000 square miles and that people just don't come to meetings at the drop of a hat, especially in the daytime." Fisher reports that the entire program is bogged down in the "ever-changing guidelines."

High and Dry

As with OEO, the Appalachian Regional Commission (ARC) has placed little money into rural pockets. A greater share of the commission's funds—some $840 million of the initial $1.1-billion appropriation—is being invested in a highway system that currently benefits contractors from large cities who merely shift machinery and men from massive interstate projects to these rural jobs. The conclusion drawn by Sar A. Levitan in a study of "Programs in Aid of the Poor," financed by the Upjohn Institute, was that the unskilled, rural or urban, "might qualify for no more than a fifth of the total man-hours generated directly by construction projects" financed by the commission.

Similarly, the application of the Economic Development Administration's program, which now includes the old Area Redevelopment Administration and the Accelerated Public Works projects, does not immediately reach the rural poor. As the Upjohn Institute study pointed out, by "Directing its aid to employers and not to the unemployed, the program is based on the belief that Federal efforts should concentrate on the business community which, in turn, will create new jobs to help the unemployed." Both the EDA and the ARC programs are based on the hope that they will eventually aid the rural poor as an indirect result of their investments in going enterprises. But a look at how these Federal programs are working in rural areas indicates that the programs themselves tend to keep the rural poor from receiving any significant benefits.

Just as the shortage of human resources in rural areas militates against present OEO solutions, the shortage of economic resources interferes with aid from the Appalachian Regional Commission. Two basic actions by the ARC have provided grounds for criticism. The first applies to the highway program,

which has so far consumed the bulk of ARC money. Not only do the road-construction projects supply few jobs for the region's poor but when the roads are completed, according to the Upjohn study, the kind of jobs created in the "growth centers" served by them "will be seasonal and low paying, and may still not allow the workers to escape the threshold of poverty."

Many observers, including some ARC officials, consider the decision to have the highway system run mainly north and south the biggest mistake of the program. Appalachia's depression has developed to a large extent because of an isolation due to a lack of access through the mountains. State governments have traditionally built their highways along the north-south axis, ignoring east-west routes wherever possible because of the high cost of building roads in the mountains. Thus, traffic has flowed around Appalachia as river waters flow around an island. Only in flood times such as a wartime boom does the surrounding prosperity spill over.

The second basic action of the commission that has been widely questioned was the adoption of the "economic growth center" concept. Little money has been invested in resource development in sparsely populated rural areas. According to John L. Sweeney, the Federal co-chairman on the commission, the ARC is not going to "sprinkle an area of 182,000 square miles with just temporary construction jobs." The commission, he says, is building a base for permanent jobs, higher incomes, and better conditions for investing in areas demonstrating a growth potential. To qualify as a growth center, a community must meet standards of population density, existing wealth, educational facilities, and other advantages that write off the neediest rural areas and concentrate Federal aid in cities or towns. The concept has been described as a new application of the old "trickle down" theory of economics—invest the money at the top and it will eventually trickle down to those who need it. Critics point out, though, that the region has always supported islands of prosperity. Birmingham, Knoxville, and Pittsburgh are all in Appalachia, but their presence has not prevented hunger in the surrounding countryside. The sense of hopelessness that this city orientation engenders in rural areas is obvious. There is a general feeling that only continued migration or welfare offers a long-range solution for deprived rural areas, and the Community Action Program created for McDowell County, West Virginia, for example, frankly aims at preparing residents of this area to adapt themselves in out-of-state cities.

The Explosive Migrant

If nothing else, the fact of an increasing migration to the cities has focused Washington's attention on the rural dilemma. Following a White House meeting last August, a study on agriculture and rural life was ordered under the direction of Secretary Freeman. The study was to be conducted by a task force of representatives from the Departments of Health, Education and Welfare,

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Agriculture, and Labor, the Office of Economic Opportunity, the Housing and Home Finance Agency, and the Bureau of the Budget. Among the key targets of this task force was the proposal of programs to "stem farm migration to the cities and encourage a return to rural communities."

Robert G. Lewis, head of the Rural Community Development Service, crystallized this thinking in the preface to the program the task force hoped would be submitted to the present session of Congress: "The tragedy that occurred in the slums of Los Angeles... began as depression on the farm. Fundamentally, it was not a 'race riot'—but rather an explosion growing out of the poverty and despair of rural people lost in an urban slum existence that had eroded away whatever social capability and discipline they had at the start."

Although a detailed program suggested as a result of the study has been temporarily shelved because of budget conflicts—some observers feel the squeeze of current Great Society programs and Vietnam left no room for major legislation of its kind—it has stimulated further study and some further investment in rural problems. This increased interest in new ideas for rural solutions was evidenced in President Johnson's request in January for $5 million for pilot projects to combat rural poverty. The President envisions a common planning effort aimed at community development and the pooling of resources in rural areas.

"Our purpose," his message said, "is to demonstrate how a common effort can provide the needed district vocational school in one county, the hospital in another, the police training in a third, industry or an adequate library in a fourth—and how it can avoid the waste of duplication or, worse still, the total lack of any such facilities or services in a wide area because of a failure to pool common resources. Our purpose is not to supplant present efforts of local, state, or Federal governments—but to supplement them; not to forsake the small community, but to help it avoid underrepresentation in decisions that affect its life."

An example of the effect that such a co-ordinated attack could have in a depressed rural community may be seen in the neighboring towns of Tazewell and New Tazewell, Tennessee, which have a population of some two thousand. There, in 1962, the Area Redevelopment Administration gambled a million dollars on a public-works project to develop water and sewage facilities. Three years later, that initial Federal investment has been matched by $9.5 million of other public and private investment and has brought the Tazewells to the point where they will qualify as a potential growth center under the Appalachian Commission formula. As a result of the ARA's million-dollar gamble, they have attracted plants manufacturing trailers, plastics, textiles, and furniture, creating seven hundred new jobs. Public and private building has been stimulated; credit has opened up for local development; twenty-two members of the 1954 graduating class at the local high school who left the Tazewells for the higher pay of the cities have returned home.

THE central idea of the task-force program that was dropped was the proposal for Opportunity Homesteads. Loans on liberal terms were planned to help a family to develop land on which it lived or to purchase and develop a homestead on land in areas where economic development appeared feasible. A probationary period was to be required in which the homesteader would improve the property and develop a subsistence farming operation; the participation of all adult members of the family in vocational, home-management, and general education programs would be required. The end result would be the transfer of equity in the homestead to the family; because of the required training programs, it would be better prepared to develop economic independence.

Since the homestead farm was conceived only for subsistence purposes, off-farm employment would be provided in the first years by Federal investment in rural work projects. Planners point out that there is a backlog of needed work requiring low levels of skills, including soil, water, and wildlife conservation, forestry, and beautification. While such investments would be expensive, they would, unlike present relief expenditures, have a lasting value in developing natural resources, human skills, and a strong rural economic base.

A Chance to Grow

Supporters of rural programs know that in President Johnson and Vice President Humphrey they have two men attuned to rural problems. As a lobbyist for the National Farmers Union said recently: "These guys know us, they know our problems. For the first time in a long time I don't feel as if I'm speaking a foreign language in Washington when I talk about rural affairs." The optimism of people like this, however, has suffered a setback with the increasing concern over Vietnam. Not only are the chances dim for new programs and increased poverty-program spending; as city job opportunities open up with increased military spending, another massive migration of the rural poor comparable to that of the Second World War and the Korean War is apt to occur. Moreover, migrants have higher hopes and deeper hostilities than those of the 1940's or 1950's. The gap between what they possess and what they desire is infinitely wider.

Watts and Harlem and South Chicago and the other ports of entry into America's cities are not equipped to absorb many more of the rural dispossessed. Unless a solution is found for rural poverty where it exists, the human and physical resources of the countryside will be forfeited, and their forfeiture will serve as a continuing drain on the vitality of urban America.

Already the frustration and disappointment of small-town and rural leaders is being voiced. Recently the Appalachian Regional Commission decided that a highway could not be economically justified in Hancock County, Tennessee. When he heard of it, Mayor Charles Turner of Sneedville, the county seat, remarked, "I'm sorry to jump on you fellows about your programs. They're all real fine programs. It's just that I've put my whole life into this town and this county, and only now they're telling me it doesn't have a chance to grow anyhow."

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The New Man In Canberra

DENIS WARNER

MELBOURNE

HAROLD EDWARD HOLT, who succeeded to the Prime Ministership of Australia when Sir Robert Menzies retired in January, served his long apprenticeship in government in three main Cabinet portfolios: Labor and National Service, Immigration, and the Treasury. From his experience in the first two posts he became convinced that the country needed a substantial inflow of both migrants and foreign capital to exploit its natural resources and to create its own industrial base—in the long run this may well provide the best of all defenses against any future threats to its security. In the Treasury, he was one of the most zealous watchdogs of the public purse in the western world.

Now fifty-seven, fourteen years younger than Menzies, Holt is singularly free of prejudice. It was characteristic that in his very first speech to Parliament after becoming Prime Minister he should have flouted the White Australia policy, promising reforms in Asian immigration that Menzies once swore would be made over his dead body. In this and in other important ways, Holt's impact on Australian life is certain to differ significantly from that of his predecessor, and to be much more liberal.

Nevertheless, some of Menzies's profound dislike for what he called hypothetical questions rubbed off on Holt, especially in those fields where Menzies's conclusions coincided with Holt's own ministerial predilections and experience. High in this category were the cost estimates of the armed services, of necessity imprecise and sometimes even intuitive, on which the government for many years decided its defense appropriations. Since the substantive needs of Australian development and growth ran counter to the estimates of the military, it is hardly surprising that Australian defense spending dropped during the late 1950's and early 1960's to 2.7 per cent of the gross national product, or that Holt on the eve of his succession told a citizens' convention in Canberra that Australia should not sacrifice its prospects of long-term development by embarking on an excessive defense expenditure.

THIS REMAINS Holt's primary article of faith. His government already has many critics, especially in the undeveloped north, for the way it intends to go about it. But Holt himself is sure that if the government provides the essential services, free enterprise assisted by a high capital and migrant inflow will do the job—provided that the country does not squander its resources on a military effort that is out of proportion to its means. "It would plainly be of great detriment to us—however sound we might regard the necessity—to attempt to devote too large a proportion of our resources to the defense field," he told a north Queensland audience after both Denis Healey, the British Defense Minister, and Vice President Humphrey had visited Canberra in the hope and expectation that Australia might contribute more substantially to the defense of Malaysia on the one hand and South Vietnam on the other.

As Holt was well aware, Australia had to do more or else find itself accused of dragging its feet and even of hypocrisy, thereby risking the insurance policies that its military alliances with its larger friends are intended to underwrite. Since there was a possibility that Healey would be looking for more help in the short term as well as in the long, the government waited defensively for his visit, delaying the final decision on additional military forces for Vietnam until it knew what it might have left available to meet Washington's requests for more Australian troops.

Unity on Vietnam

The decision to treble the existing Australian commitment of 1,500 men was more than Washington initially had hoped for, and more, also, than the Australian public had expected. Militarily, however, there is sense in the new commitment, which amounts to a complete Australian task force with a core of two infantry battalions, its own reconnaissance squadron, and artillery and helicopter support. Such a force is not only big enough to be of genuine military significance but also big enough to operate under its own command.

The use of conscripts along with members of the regular army brought a storm of criticism from the Labour opposition, which has traditionally opposed conscription. The public response was an unhappy acceptance of an obligation which has never been completely understood and which has not been properly explained.

Holt's problem, however, is not so

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much to carry the Australian public with him, though that is politically important with an election due at the end of the year, and especially so in the case of a new Prime Minister. Rather it is to resolve the contradictions between his own priorities on the one hand, and on the other to satisfy sometimes testy allies whose own concepts of Australian priorities are sharply at variance and whose understanding of the full Australian military commitment in Vietnam, Borneo, Malaya, Thailand, and New Guinea is neither comprehensive nor fully sympathetic.

In the coalition of Liberal and Country Parties which makes up Holt's government, not a single voice has been raised in opposition to American or Australian policies. John McEwen, the Country Party leader and Deputy Prime Minister, speaks for all his colleagues when he says that the Communist threat in Vietnam vitally affects the security and survival of Australia, and that "We must be prepared to show that we are determined to meet the threat of aggressive Communism whenever it comes."

Holt believes that a *cordon sanitaire* must be created and that Vietnam is very much the right place to begin. There are no obstructionists or appeasers sitting on the government benches, and certainly no one naïve enough to believe that a Sino-American agreement to pull out of all Southeast Asia, whatever the guarantees, would result in anything but an early and inevitable take-over by Peking's proxies.

The government's worries are not that the conflict may lead to war with China, but that Washington in its desire for peace has not really thought through the Vietcong's future role—and worse, that it may take too sanguine a view of the National Liberation Front's election prospects if by any remote chance there should be an early cease-fire followed by negotiations. To talk of winning the war and losing the peace has become a cliché. Cliché or not, it is a real fear in Canberra.

THE HUMPHREY TEAM emerged from its discussions with the Holt Cabinet in February reassured by the strength of the Australian moral support and somewhat surprised to find that the hawks were not all confined to the Washington aviary. "Someone even recommended a blockade of Haiphong," said one high American official. "Don't they know that Soviet ships are using Haiphong? What sort of war do they want to get us into?"

While the opposition disapproves of Australian participation in the Vietnam war (though it would not withdraw the Australian troops), the solidarity in the government ranks is a measure of the difference between the Washington and the Canberra Vietnam debates. Vietnam is a long way from the United States, but it is perilously close to Australia. The nub of the dissidents' argument in the United States is that the effort in Vietnam is not in the American interest.

For the Australian government the question is not whether it is in the best interests of the United States or whether American military tactics are right or wrong, but whether it is in Australia's interests that the United States should maintain an effective military presence in Southeast Asia. While there are many here who hate the war and everything about it, those who believe that the American presence is not very much in the Australian interest have no place in the government. Even among the general public they form a small minority and come mostly from predictable elements in the community.

Asked to decide last year on the issue "Are we right in Vietnam?," a Melbourne University Union audience after a debate on Oxford Union lines voted 312 in favor with 200 against and 100 abstentions. Not a sweeping majority, but enough to reflect majority thinking in an environment that likes to regard itself as progressive.

To be sure, there have been stories about draft-card burnings and plans to raise funds to buy drugs for the Vietcong. But in response to a Gallup Poll in February that asked 1,600 fifteen- to twenty-year-olds whether Australia should continue to fight in Vietnam or bring back its forces, seventy per cent of both sexes and seventy-four per cent of the boys were in favor of continuing to fight. Typical replies were, "We must beat Communism," "We agreed to help America," and "Better to fight there than here."

When it comes to the question of Australian participation in the defense of Malaysia against Indonesian confrontation, the differences of opinion over Vietnam disappear. Hanoi's aggression was for a long time covert and not easy to document. Djakarta's aggression is overt and flamboyantly committed. Most Australians are fully convinced that unless it is halted in Borneo it will only be a matter of time before it spreads to Papua-New Guinea, or even closer to home.

Co-ordination and Confrontation

To prevent defense expenditures from rising under these pressures at home and abroad is impossible, and the best that Holt can hope for is to persuade his allies that Australia should not lose sight of its long-term goals. In any event, defense expenditure has doubled in the past three years, and under present circumstances the trend is unlikely to be reversed.

While the results may sometimes be less than either the United States or Britain might like, Holt feels that it will be appreciated better if Allied defense planning in Southeast Asia is more effectively co-ordinated. At present, Australia and New Zealand provide the only links between the two Southeast Asian fronts in Vietnam and Malaysia. They are the only two countries with troops committed in both wars. The Americans keep on asking for more assistance in Vietnam and are apt to be somewhat contemptuous of the Malaysian front and the commitment the Anzacs have entered into there. The British, for their part, think the Americans can handle Vietnam by themselves and that the Australian and New Zealand effort should be concentrated in Malaysia.

This lack of co-ordination has become more critical with the defense economies that Britain intends to put into effect by the 1970's and by Whitehall's current emphasis on interdependence. Healey told the Australians that he believed the Indonesian confrontation could be ended by negotiation by 1969, and that it was not reasonable to expect that the Singapore base would be tenable much after this period. Britain was

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willing, indeed anxious, to maintain a military presence east of Suez, not for unilateral action but as a contribution toward a joint defense effort in the Southeast Asian region along with Australia and New Zealand. Of course if there were no bases available, Britain would simply have to go home.

Canberra understood this message. On confrontation, however, it found Healey too optimistic and on Singapore too pessimistic. Although Canberra is elated by Sukarno's failure to regain his absolute power and especially by the developments of March 12, when General Suharto nipped the potential Communist comeback in the bud, it does not believe that this will necessarily lead to an early end to Indonesian expansionism. The policy of confrontation, in the Canberra view, involves much more than a Sukarno aberration designed to divert the Indonesian people's attention from the misfortunes associated with his own misrule. Even if it ends by 1969 or earlier, the dangers of a militaristic Indonesia will remain, as will the need for the Singapore base.

As FOR the base itself, Canberra sees no reason why the government of Singapore will not continue for some time to accept the economic and security advantages it provides as compensation for any international or internal political opprobrium that its presence may entail, a view since endorsed by Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew.

Britain's long-range planning, however, called for alternatives to Singapore and Healey was a persuasive advocate. He made it plain that Britain was not contemplating great expenditure by Australia, and had in mind nothing like the highly concentrated and enormously expensive complex of the Singapore type but simply an arrangement to share the use of Australian bases. Better still, since Healey realized that this would require additional Australian facilities, Britain was prepared to contribute to the cost.

New and expanded military installations will certainly be involved. Under consideration are an extension of the air-force facilities at Darwin to cater to joint British-Australian use of the F-111A, which both countries have ordered from the United States, and the possibilities of Cockburn Sound in Western Australia as a naval base.

But Holt would go much further. He believes that the important long-range defense decisions involving the security not only of Australia but of Southeast Asia generally should be made only within the framework of a carefully co-ordinated Allied plan. Eight-power SEATO is too large and too divided for the purpose, and three-power ANZUS (Australia, New Zealand, and the United States) excludes Britain and is therefore too small. Holt has been pressing Washington for early four-power defense talks. He is not interested in the creation of a new treaty organization and he is aware of the dangers in anything that smacks of a white man's club, but he is equally conscious of Australia's need to avoid entering into costly programs at the behest of one senior ally if they are of no interest to the other. With his concern for national development, he wants to get all the mileage he can out of every cent spent on defense. Moreover, he believes that there will be a much more sympathetic understanding of the extent of the Australian contribution to the regional defense effort when Whitehall and Washington sit down at the conference table with Canberra and Wellington.

The Positive Approach

Even though Holt is persuasive, he has not silenced all his home critics on the defense front. "Unless and until Mr. Holt discards his narrow Treasury approach to defense, Australia's international credit and national security will suffer alike," said the Sydney *Morning Herald*, one of the country's more authoritative voices on defense matters.

Home comments of this sort do not trouble Holt. In his brief period as Prime Minister he has generally had such a good press that this in itself has become the principal source of criticism. The *Nation*, a left-of-center fortnightly, described his impact on the electorate as press hypnosis and talked of the emergence of "the new image of Super Harold, John Fitzgerald Holt, thinker, pragmatist, growth man, smiling Harold, handsome Harold, approachable Harold always-at-ease-with-girls-in-bikinis Harold... profoundly-aware-of-the-need-for-a-more-imaginative-approach-to-national-problems Harold. . . ."

Part of his press buildup can be traced to the vast relief of newspapermen when Menzies, with his unconcealed contempt for the press, gave way to Holt, who promptly let it be known that he valued an informed public and was willing to help to provide the information. Menzies was Olympian. According to his subordinates, he ran his Cabinet meetings like a schoolmaster supervising the work of a number of not very bright pupils. He was respected but unloved.

Holt is down to earth. Many of the pictures that filled the press after he took office were a faithful reflection of his character. Like many Australians he enjoys the beaches and sports such as spearfishing, and Australians like him for it. If he is neither so swift nor so effective as Menzies, the Cabinet now enjoys a new status, with Holt presenting himself as a chairman, seeking the counsel of his experts.

These are good political qualities, but whether they would be good enough to help keep the Liberal-Country Party coalition in power in normal circumstances is another

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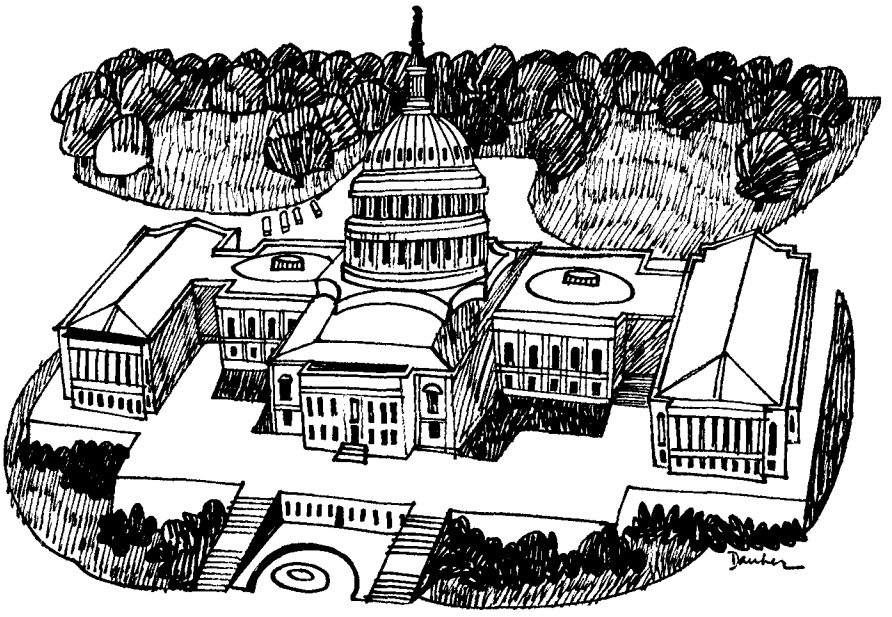
matter. There are cracks in the coalition, and the country is bored after more than sixteen years of conservative government. Holt learned this with a shock when the opposition easily won a by-election in February for what was considered a safe Country Party seat in Queensland.

Instead of closing ranks after the victory, however, the Australian Labour Party, which split disastrously in the mid-1950's, celebrated the occasion by reopening its internecine war, and its chances of unseating Holt at the end of the year may now be regarded as nil. Holt is in, and in to stay for a considerable time. Washington will find in him much less of the intellectual brilliance it knew in Menzies and much more warmth of personality. His political acumen should not be underestimated. His decision on the size and scope of the increased military contribution to Vietnam was an object lesson in how to win friends in Washington without exposing himself to censure at home.

In a sense, he is a hard-line man. At the same time, he is genuinely anxious to be positive. As Treasurer he loosened the purse strings to approve a contribution of $85 million to the Asian Development Bank, a sum that, on a per capita basis, compares more than favorably with the $200 million pledged by the United States and Japan. Though foreign affairs has never been his field, he intends to make up for lost time and opportunities with an early visit to Southeast Asia, including Vietnam. London and Washington will see him frequently, and if the Vietnam situation ever permits, he has revolutionary ideas about dropping by to make himself known in Peking.

"I have no capacity for hate," he has said. "Even when I was fighting the Communists tooth and nail in industry, I remained on friendly terms with some of their leaders."

It seems predictable that the leaders of Communist China would respond to this kind of parochial bonhomie with suspicion and doubt. But that such thoughts are being entertained in Canberra at a time when more troops are being readied to fight in the Vietnam war at least reflects a flexibility of approach that this city has not known for many a long day.



The Genesis Of the Great Society

WILLIAM E. LEUCHTENBERG

IN THE SPRING of 1964, Lyndon Johnson was a President in quest of a program. With each passing week, it seemed more likely that Barry Goldwater would be the Republican candidate and the opportunity for a Johnson landslide victory in November loomed larger. But if the opportunity was to be seized, Johnson had to advance policies of his own during the campaign, and he had to have a docket of legislative proposals ready for the new Congress in January. Even more, his administration lacked the kind of identity that had distinguished Wilson's New Freedom, Roosevelt's New Deal, and Kennedy's New Frontier.

The conception of the Great Society emerged slowly in the early months of 1964. For a time the administration played with other phrases, such as the Better Deal, but none of these expressions captured the drift of the President's thinking. When the term "great society," which the President had used once or twice in addresses, was elevated to capital letters in a text for delivery at the University of Michigan on May 22, the press immediately seized on it to identify the LBJ brand of reform. But it gave only slight attention to a no less important part of the Ann Arbor address: an explanation of how the President planned to develop his program. "We are going to assemble the best thought and broadest knowledge from all over the world to find those answers," Johnson said. "I intend to establish working groups to prepare a series of conferences and meetings—on the cities, on natural beauty, on the quality of education, and on other emerging challenges. From these studies, we will begin to set our course toward the Great Society." On the way back to Washington on the plane, the President told reporters: "I'm going to get the best minds in this country to work for me."

'An Excellent Exercise'

There appears to have been no single point in time when the idea of creating "task forces" was born. The President himself suggested setting up "working groups" to develop the ideas of the Great Society. Special Assistant Richard Goodwin was thinking along the

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same lines. But it was Bill Moyers who pressed for the establishment of the task forces and who was ultimately to be responsible for them. Working with Moyers was White House assistant Hayes Redmon, a former history instructor at the Air Force Academy and Pentagon aide.

Strong support also came from the Executive Office Building next door to the White House, where Walter Heller, then chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, had advanced his plan to share Federal revenues with the states and wanted a task force to explore the proposal. Kermit Gordon, then Director of the Bureau of the Budget, was pursuing a more expansive notion. Gordon recalls: "I had been thinking of the need of an early start on the 1965 legislative program. Since Johnson was likely to win in a landslide, we needed to be ready. So both Heller and I called on the President."

Each of these men—the President, Moyers, Goodwin, Heller, and Gordon—was familiar with the task forces set up by President Kennedy just before he took office. Goodwin told me that he thought of the Kennedy task forces as "an excellent exercise," and Gordon remembered them as "a successful operation." Yet that earlier experience also served as a warning. Since the Kennedy study groups had been primarily composed of academicians, their work had been too remote from the actual process of legislating. Moreover, White House staff men like Myer Feldman, who bridged the two administrations, were at first skeptical of resorting to task forces again, because they believed that the Kennedy groups had gotten that administration into too much political trouble. When details of huge spending proposals were leaked to the press, Kennedy had run into a fire of criticism before he even read the reports. As Moyers expressed it: "When an idea has surfaced too soon, before it has been examined from every vantage point, it can invite its assassination." But Johnson was convinced that these objections to "working groups" could be overcome.

TWO WEEKS after his Ann Arbor address, the President dispatched Moyers and Goodwin to Cambridge. On June 7, they met some twenty-five to thirty professors from Harvard, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston University, and other institutions in the area at a lunch at John Kenneth Galbraith's house. The discussion ran into the evening. Among those present were Robert Wood, the M.I.T. urban politics expert, and Carl Kaysen, a Harvard economist. The discussion ranged from nuclear energy to endemic unemployment. When Moyers and Goodwin reported back to the President, he suggested guidelines for study groups and proposed some names for members.

Three days after the Cambridge meeting, Moyers sent out a memorandum. To meet the criticism that the study groups would have too academic a cast, he decided to create organizations made up of government officials as well as professors, in order to provide an "umbilical cord" from the campus to Washington.

Through the month of June, fourteen task forces were recruited to deal with Transportation, Natural Resources, Education, Health, Urban Problems, Pollution of Environment, Preservation of Natural Beauty, Intergovernmental Fiscal Cooperation, Efficiency and Economy, Anti-recession Policy, Agriculture, Civil Rights, Foreign Economic Policy, and Income Maintenance Policy. While seven of the Kennedy task forces had concentrated on foreign affairs, only one of the Johnson groups was given such an assignment, and even that was limited to foreign economic policy.

The task forces averaged about nine persons each, but they sometimes drew in temporary consultants as well; in all, more than 150 people were to become engaged in some aspect of the work. Task-force members were told they would have to donate at least a full month. Each group had an executive secretary from the government (mainly from the Bureau of the Budget) as a "leg man," some of whom were to make important contributions. In addition, a member of the White House staff served with each task force.

Members of the task forces were picked by Moyers, Gordon, Goodwin, Feldman, Heller, Presidential Assistant Douglass Cater, and White House Counsel Lee White. White selected the group on Civil Rights. The President himself persuaded Laurance Rockefeller to head the task force on Natural Beauty. In picking the Education task force, the White House ignored the church-state issue and just sought qualified men, although some attempt was made to diversify the membership. "Although we started out at Harvard, we were careful not to choose men only from the Establishment universities," Moyers said. "We also asked men from the South and West."

Position papers offering a synopsis of what had been done about a given problem and what was being done were prepared by the Budget Bureau, and by the end of June the task-force inquiry was well under way.

Aiming High

When on the afternoon of July 2 the President met with his Cabinet, the agenda listed three items for discussion: the civil-rights bill, the 1964 Democratic platform, and the plan for the task forces, which he now put before the Cabinet for the first time. The President began by pointing out the domestic initiatives that had already been taken: the tax cut, the poverty program, the Appalachia program, and civil-rights legislation. He added that there was every indication that the country would be more prosperous in the ensuing year, and that the combination of added income and the administration's commitment to cutting costs meant that it would be economically feasible to embark on new programs.

Instead of waiting until 1965 to generate new ideas, the time to act was now, the President said. But since he and the members of the Cabinet were going to be busy for the next four months, he was setting up a series of task forces to identify critical issues, analyze problems, and make specific recommendations. He emphasized that at this first stage he would rather have sights set too high than too low. He asked the task forces not only to come up with new thoughts but to question what the administration was already doing, with no holds barred. Afterwards there would be time enough for the President and the Cabinet

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to determine which ideas were feasible. Liaison officers of the task forces would be in touch with members of the Cabinet shortly, the President said. He expected Cabinet officials to free members of their departments for service on the task forces to whatever extent was required.

It was exceedingly important, the President stressed, that the task forces operate without publicity. He wanted them to be able to speak with candor and to be free of external pressures from interest groups. They were promised absolute confidence, and in turn they were told not to talk about what they were doing. The pledges of secrecy were well kept on both sides. Until now, few of the details of the task-force operation have been revealed, despite occasional leaks. "Some ran to the press and became 'famous,'" the President told me. "So we had to ignore them. Others did their job faithfully, and we got bills." There was no serious problem of premature publicity of the sort that beset President Kennedy.

Since the task-force procedure was secret, it was possible to choose people not on the basis of their public image but for their skills and judgment. "We were looking for workers rather than just big names," Redmon said. They were told to pay no attention to any political consideration; they were not to worry about whether their recommendations would be acceptable to Congress or to party leaders. They were instructed to report by November 15, a deadline deliberately chosen to free the task forces from involvement in the political campaign.

THROUGH the summer and early fall of 1964, the task forces carried on their work. Most of them met in rooms provided by the Bureau of the Budget in the old State Department Building next door to the White House. Occasionally they gathered at the White House—in the Fish Room or at the White House Mess—and sometimes they convened in Cambridge or New York. The fourteen task forces never assembled as a group, and the chairmen met together only once before their reports were submitted.

When the reports were finally filed, it was Moyers who took charge of the second round of operations. On November 15 the reports were circulated to all the government agencies involved for their responses, including suggested revisions and additions. At this stage the Cabinet officers to whom the President had spoken in July were given their first opportunity to make their views known. For example, when the Natural Beauty task force filed its recommendations, Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall became involved in assessing them and in drafting legislation.

Moyers now set up a second group of task forces composed of government officials with an occasional outsider that met at a series of sessions in his office. These men were to decide which of the propositions of the original task forces had merit, and also which stood a fair chance of winning Congressional approval. To assure the political feasibility of the recommendations, Lawrence O'Brien, then the President's assistant for Congressional relations, and his staff were worked into the operation at an early stage. The ultimate success of the Johnson program in Congress owed much to the fact that it was offered in such a way as to minimize political friction.

Once they had filed their reports stating urgent needs and establishing priorities, the job of the task forces was done and the phase of shaping legislative proposals began. The education bill is an example of how the transformation worked.

Reaping Rewards

From the work of John Gardner's Education task force, Commissioner of Education Francis Keppel and Douglass Cater put together a number of recommendations. The religious question was circumvented by allotting funds to the pupil rather than the institution. One title of the new measure provided books to all pupils, on the reasoning that to do so was no different from permitting every pupil access to a public library, regardless of whether he attended a parochial or a public school. Another offered supplementary services to students at both parochial and public schools through an arrangement of shared services. The most original feature of the education bill was the plan for supplementary centers to encourage innovation in the schools.

Once the Education task force filed its report and Keppel and Cater had developed their proposals, the actual legislation was drafted by the Office of Education and the Bureau of the Budget. By the time Congress convened, the school bill was ready to go, and the White House, knowing the history of failure in this field, took advantage of the fact to push the bill fast and hard. When the measure reached Congress, it went through easily.

The history of the elementary-education bill is probably the best example of the success of the task-force technique. Yet no less important was the work of the Urban task force headed by Robert Wood. Out of the deliberations of this group came such ideas as rent supplements and New Towns, and it aided the push for a new urban department at Cabinet level. When Congress approved the establishment of the new department, the President named Wood to be Secretary Robert Weaver's lieutenant; the task forces frequently served to call new men to the President's attention or to draw men more directly into the White House orbit.

Yet more important than the specific proposals that emerged was the nature of the task-force operation, a development that has been largely overlooked. "Johnson's use of the task forces was a major innovation whose significance has been missed," Phillip S. Hughes of the Budget Bureau pointed out to me. "The task force was the basic tool which made much of the success of the Eighty-ninth Congress. The routine way to develop a legislative program has been to ask the departments to generate proposals. Each agency sends its ideas through channels, which means that the ideas are limited by the imagination of the old-line agencies. They tend to be repetitive—the same proposals year after year. When the ideas of the different agencies reach the departmental level, all kinds of objections are raised, especially objections that new notions may somehow infringe on the rights of some other agency in the department. By the time a legislative proposal from a department reaches the President, it's a pretty well-compromised product.

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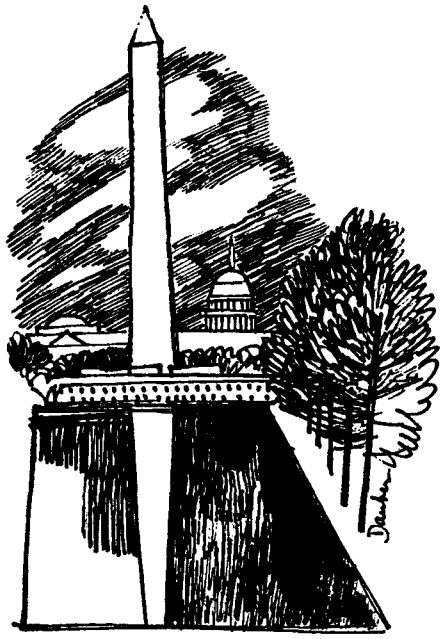
"The task-force approach broke through the timidity and conservatism of the old system. Some of the same people from the agencies served on the task forces, but they were freed from any institutional restraint. They were not subject to review or harassment. Instead of having to run an obstacle course, they were given direct access to the President, who told them to think big."

The recommendations of the task forces were not always followed. Few economists in America are more respected than Paul Samuelson of M.I.T., and an anti-recession task force he headed in 1960 had an important part in shaping the Kennedy administration's economic proposals. But the main advice that Samuelson's 1964 task force gave to Johnson was rejected. For a variety of reasons, the administration decided to give the principal impetus to the economy not through spending, as the task force urged, but by more tax cutting, although the White House liaison man on this task force, Gardner Ackley, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, favored the spending route. The task force did have some effect, however, on excise-tax and Social Security revisions.

Presidential Mulling

By early December of 1964 the second set of task forces had disbanded, and a new phase began. The President had been kept posted by Moyers on the progress of the groups, and he had dropped in on some of the White House meetings in November. But a President campaigning for re-election and serving as Chief Executive cannot follow all the details of his administration. It was now Moyers's job to bring Johnson up to date. For weeks Moyers and Redmon had been winnowing the chaff from the task-force reports, and putting together notebooks and charts summarizing the findings. On *Air Force One* on the way to the LBJ Ranch, Moyers began to expose the President to the recommendations, and a colloquy began which was to continue at the ranch.

During December, the President had to decide which of the proposals to adopt as his own and to place before Congress. He read each of the task-force reports. Furthermore, to clarify the choices Johnson faced, Moyers presented him with a series of charts, arranged on flip boards, that were designed to show the inherent logic of the whole program and how each conclusion led in turn to the next. Moyers also prepared a black book of fifty to sixty pages that digested each recommendation and pointed to the possible political quagmires. The book showed what problems each task force sought to meet, what alternatives it might have chosen, what course was recommended to the President, and what each program would cost.



At the LBJ Ranch in the last weeks of December, the President rendered his verdicts. On one unusually mild day, as his advisers sat in the front yard going over the day's agenda, he lay in a hammock soaking up the sun. Moyers outlined proposed strategy on the elementary-education bill. "I thought I was being especially articulate," Moyers related, "but when I looked over at the hammock, the President appeared to be asleep. So I stopped speaking, and for five minutes we sat in silence. Then bang, bang, bang, the President spoke—he had obviously heard everything that had been said—and he told us precisely why the recommendation would not work and how it should be repackaged. All the mulling in silence had paid off. The President had been able to chart the political terrain on education better than anyone else."

While Moyers was going over legislation with the President, Budget Director Kermit Gordon was adding up the financial consequences. Gordon was impressed by the advantages of being at the LBJ Ranch. When the previous year's budget was being drafted, an agency head would arrive at the White House flanked by three or four experts. Each time a question was raised, the administrator would begin to whisper to his subalterns, much to the President's annoyance. This time each agency head was flown down to Texas alone, and he had to justify requests without referring to his staff.

Gordon spent five days at the ranch. He remembers: "You just don't sit down and work out a program with the President at formal sessions. He gets restless if he sits for too long. He's always wanting to go out to look after the livestock or talk to the foreman. You've got to trail him around. We made a lot of budget decisions as the President drove a car around the neighboring Lewis Ranch. While I read, he would give his response with his hands on the wheel."

At the same time that the President was reaching the final decisions at the ranch on legislation and the budget, he was also preparing the draft of his second State of the Union message. It proved to be an unusual document. When he delivered that address on January 4, 1965, he indicated the outline of his program in a series of one-sentence proposals. In the next several days, each recommendation in the State of the Union address became the subject of a special message to Congress, and the President again broke with tradition by sending a stream of missives up to the Hill before his inauguration.

Both the messages and the draft legislation that accompanied them were the fruit of ten months of quiet exploration of the implications of the "Great Society." The task-force operation had made it possible for Lyndon Johnson to develop a program and to establish his political identity.

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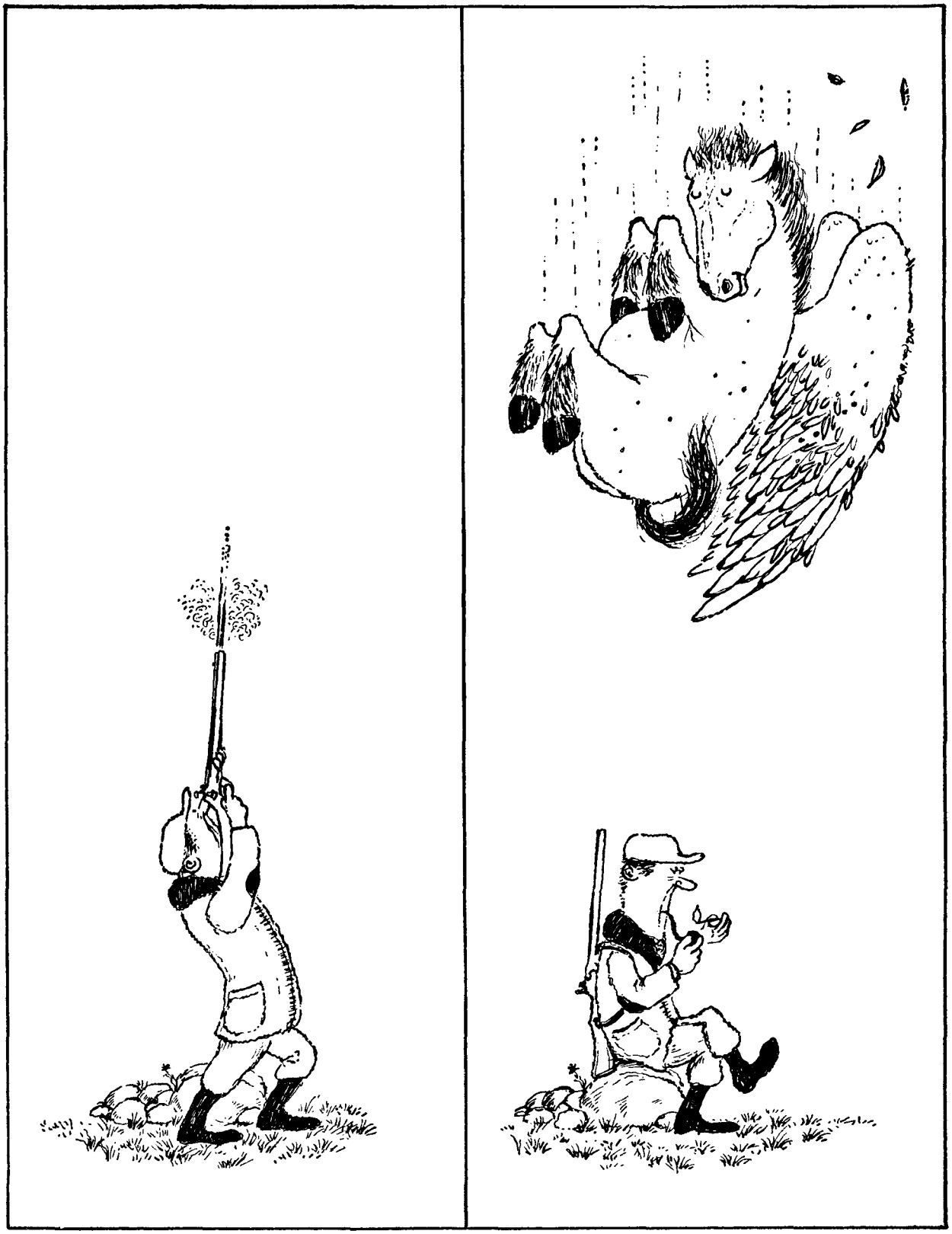

By Fernando Krahn

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A Harvest Frenzy

GWYN THOMAS

It was a narrow valley in South Wales, and it had never, to me, looked narrower. I was in the last year of my course at the high school. The examination, which, if I could keep on breathing and reading, would see me into the University and clear of the shadow of the coal mines, was to begin on July 1.

Through a whole spring and early summer, my brother Dan watched me shrink beneath the impact of the most blinding study I have ever done or wish to do again. By the time I reached the mid-point of the examination, even the most brilliant sunlight was hung with black drapes.

My brother Dan noted the symptoms in detail, the vanished cheeks, the almost lifeless eyes, the potent palsy that kept my fingers in endless movement, every darkening moment of my rushing eclipse.

When I had done my last paper, I walked home, a stooped, cut-rate Tiresias, with a strong feeling that there was nothing left to prophesy about. I sat through the evening in a stupor that no one dared break.

Dan had gone off for the day on a valedictory outing with his colleagues in a small smithy, which had been blown up the chimney by one of the economic drafts that were whistling around the region at the time. In the whole intercourse of man with metal, there had never been less noise and profit made than in Dan's smithy.

He had opened it at the very moment when people seemed to be changing their minds about iron and steel, opting for softer and quieter materials. He had come along with offers of welding just as the voters were in a mood to let everything fall apart.

So Dan had offered the bailiffs his major anvil and told them to hammer out a settlement. The business had finally foundered on an order for about an acre of delicate Castilian wrought ironwork from a multiple grocer. Before accepting delivery the grocer had looked at Dan's work, found his touch heavy, and retired to Castile, where the stuff was cheaper.

"All the same," said Dan, as he sat in the kitchen on his return from the outing, staring at my depletion from every angle, "all the same, I'm going to give us four a full week's holiday before I start questioning society about what happened to my last enterprise."

We were not surprised to hear Dan say this. He was always making statements that seemed to be laughing at the facts. We had never been able to afford a holiday. What had happened to money among our hills would have kept Adam Smith quiet for weeks on end.

"Don't worry about money," said Dan, reading our very legible minds. "I came across a farm near the coast today. We can put up there, cheap. The farm is called Tresglen Farm. That means Thrush Farm. The place is full of birdsong, so we can shut up and just listen for a change, and it'll restore you boys to vigor and happiness."

We set out a fortnight later by a devious bus which never seemed to go in the same direction for more than a half mile. It stopped at every farm in the vale. Indeed, the only farm it didn't stop at was the one we were headed for, the home of the Thrushes.

It rained heavily. It had rained pitilessly for the previous fortnight. It was the most gruesome summer since the one before. It was being put down variously to the closing down of a large theological seminary in the area, the devaluation of the pound, and the eclipse of the Liberal Party.

The farmers were telling us to stop thinking of food as a way of life, and even the borough surveyor of Meadow Prospect, who had nightmares about a rainless world, even when floodwater was lapping his bedroom floor, had stopped warning us of the drought to come.

The dripping trees, the steaming windows of the bus, and the whipped hedges added up to the picture of a bent and shapeless summer. Also to a cold feeling that Dan was once again fulfilling his destiny of leading us into places where we had no wish to be.

"You wait," said Dan, as he led us down the sodden, sullen lane that was taking us to Tresglen. "It's a blithe farm. Mr. Walsh, the farmer, is a marvel. You've read about plowmen singing at their work?"

We hadn't but we let Dan go on.

"That's the sort of farmer Mr. Walsh is. A happy husbandman. He's let us have the ancient part of the farm to sleep in. And Mrs.

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Walsh, all the health of the countryside is in her. They'll both be waiting at the farm gate to give us a true rural welcome. Actually, while we are bringing our own food and are supposed to cook and eat it in the ancient part of the farm, it wouldn't surprise me if Mrs. Walsh doesn't insist on welcoming us to their own table to give us an unforgettable bagful of wholesome farm fare."

We reached the gate. There was no sign of Mr. or Mrs. Walsh. We walked up the path. Mr. Walsh was standing at the door of the farm looking drenched and morose. He looked at us as if we were four agents of the monsoon, the men who had sold him the rain in the first place. His face was as genial as the worn granite of the door's surround. "I made a mistake," he said. "When I said two shillings a week, I meant each." He jerked his finger. "Keep straight on up there, and your place will be up the stone steps."

Dan made as if he wanted to get into the kitchen and make our formal introductions to Mrs. Walsh. Mr. Walsh did not budge.

"The stone steps," he said. "And be careful about fire."

We climbed the stone steps. They led to a large granary. The floor was covered with straw. The place was damp. Mr. Walsh had more confidence in our ability to start flames than we had. Dan started the Primus stove going. This was a borrowed article of which none of us had much experience. Dan set it going and produced a rather languid flame about ten feet high.

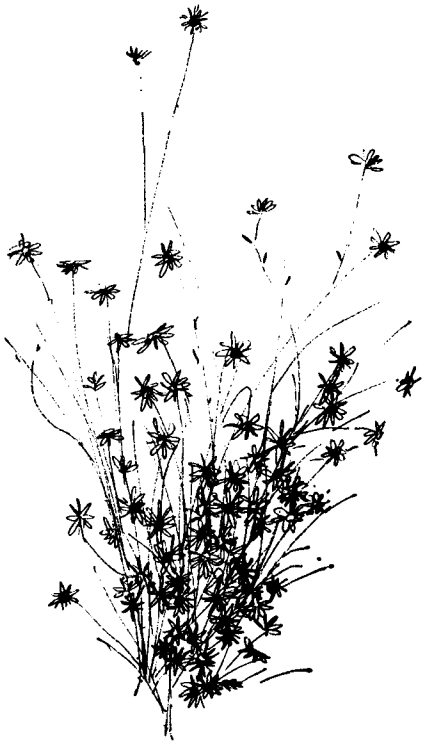
"Now just watch," said Dan. "A few quick maneuvers with the pump and this will be a short, savage flame fit to cut steel."

All he did was to add a foot to the waving pillar. "Put the stove at the foot of the steps and one of us will stand at the top with the kettle in his hand," said Milo.

Dan lifted his dripping face and told Milo that rain and irony did not mix. We settled for lemonade and biscuits. Milo looked around. His ears seemed to be testing the silence.

"The older part of the house," he said. "The farm of the Thrush. The thrushes here died years ago. And I know who killed them. Walsh."

We went that evening to the local inn. It had the appearance of a small, square barn. Its interior suggested that for a century it had been bereft of light and music. Mr. Walsh sat in a corner. He now looked not merely sad but stunned as well, as if we were four missing parts of a nightmare he had been waiting for years to complete. The landlord looked like Mr. Walsh's brother and he wasn't much comfort either. We



were all drinking a rough cider pressed from some kind of unwilling local apple.

We tried to redeem the place. We grouped ourselves around the ancient piano. With Milo playing and Dan and me pressing gently against the piano to prevent its falling apart, we sang "We'll Stroll the Lane Together," which, we thought, would put the countryside in a brighter light.

We were joined by a farm worker with a loud voice and no sense of rhythm. He switched the tempo to a march, but even without this the air of the room and the face of Mr. Walsh would have made the room's damper unliftable.

We sat in a corner with the man who had joined in the singing.

"What's the matter with Walsh?" asked Dan.

"It's been a bad summer for Walsh. He's got two fields of potatoes, two of corn. Hasn't touched a thing. Couldn't get help. Then the rain. Lost heart. And his wife is carrying on with a neighbor, Maslin, a pig breeder."

We left the pub ahead of time. As we approached the farm we saw a man leave, and we took this to be Maslin, the lover. The rain had stopped and one of the fullest moons we had ever seen drove the clouds to the lowest edge of the sky.

The next morning the sun was African and hot with apology for all the past gloom. We had had a rough night and needed all the brilliance we could get. The straw on which we slept had come to crackling life, responding perhaps to some lunar pull. Milo had been convinced that some vast, verminous army was on the march around and beneath us. He had spent the night standing in a corner, kicking out occasionally at imaginary animals.

At the very moment when we were going to ask Dan how soon he could get us out of the place, he said: "We are going to save Walsh. Here is a defeated man," he said. "Some weariness with himself, some disgust with the soil, plus the rainfall, has exposed him to ruin on the fields and disgrace in the home. As Walsh wanes, Maslin flourishes."

We found Walsh standing in the farmyard, staring up at the sun and refusing to believe it. Dan offered him our help and he looked at us first as if we were a comic turn or demented by the granary. "We don't want pay. This is an act of goodness, a gesture of brotherhood from the industrial belt to the pastoral." "And a blow against unneighborly interlopers," said Milo, winking in the direction of where he thought Maslin was breeding his pigs.

Walsh decided to use us while we were still raving. We started work on the first potato field. Walsh used a simple Assyrian type of plow. The mud was bottomless and we were picking each other up as often as we picked up potatoes. A few gulls came around to look over our stooping shoulders. They saw little sweetness in Welsh produce and wheeled silently away.

Dan kept us at it for five days.

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How well we harvested I do not know, and Walsh was laboring too intently to tell us. What we certainly knew was that we were hungry except, that is, for the evening of the first day's work. Milo and I were shattered after the stooping, scrabbling work under the sun.

Mr. Walsh had improved his style with the potato plow and it was now driving through the earth like a shark through water. He was uncovering remarkable clumps of potatoes; even the gulls had come around for a second look. Sometimes they landed on Milo and me to take a closer look, and we were too tired to tell them to file off.

By nightfall our appetites had nipped over our aching stomach walls and escaped. We had gone beyond even the power to groan. Dan urged us to eat.

"Give Mrs. Walsh the tribute of a hunger as intense as love. With every mouthful you eat, you will bring her back to the throne of pride and confidence she should never have lost."

The staple meal at the farmhouse was ham and chips. The chips of Mrs. Walsh were perfection. She was a pretty woman whose face was constantly rippling with changes of mind. That she was passing through mountains of doubt was clear, but it was not affecting her skill with chips.

On the fifth evening our eating excelled itself. We must have put away two large tureens of chips apiece. Mrs. Walsh must have worn a rut in the kitchen as she traveled to recharge the chip basket. Dan was delighted: "In the heat of the sunlight and creative labor these two people will be fused together again."

But Dan was wrong. When we came back to the farmhouse the following noon, there was no smell of food, no trace of Mrs. Walsh. There was a note on the table. "Just one more sight of a chip or of you five gluttons and I'll go crazy. Instead I've gone off with Maslin. You were only picking those potatoes for yourselves. You couldn't have had any left over to sell. Maslin would like you to look after his pigs until the next owner comes."

We followed Mr. Walsh down to the inn.

New York's Other Opera Company

ROLAND GELATT

Imagine that you have an old friend who has lived for twenty-two years in the same house. It is a dowdy, rather ugly place, and at first you wondered how he could possibly tolerate such tasteless surroundings. But as time went on and you came to appreciate his unique qualities, the frumpish house acquired its own lovable character. You began to look on it as comfortably unpretentious and to view it as an extension of your friend's personality. Then fortune suddenly smiled, and he moved into quarters far more modern and chic. He remained, of course, the same old friend. And yet against the new luxurious background he seemed perplexingly out of focus. The symbiosis with the old house had been broken, and a new one would take time to become established.

This is what has happened to the New York City Opera. Two months ago, after a long and honorable career in the dingy City Center on Fifty-fifth Street, it moved uptown to the splendor of Lincoln Center. There, amid the sparkling red-and-gold elegance of Philip Johnson's neo-

classic New York State Theater, the City Opera suddenly and disconcertingly took on a new personality. On opening night, with New York society present in full regalia, you had to rub your eyes and remind yourself that this operatic Cinderella was really just an old friend in unaccustomed surroundings.

The move took place on Washington's Birthday, exactly twenty-two years and a day after the City Opera's inaugural *Tosca* in 1944. The company originally owed its existence to the fact that Mayor La Guardia, who liked music, found himself saddled with the Mecca Temple, a down-at-the-heels Masonic auditorium that the city had recently taken over in lieu of unpaid taxes. With the help of his friends Newbold Morris, then president of the City Council, and Morton Baum, enough money was raised to make minimal renovations and to assemble the skeleton of an opera company. In token of its semi-municipal status the house was renamed the New York City Center.

At the beginning, its chief claim to operatic distinction was the low price of admission. The best seat in the house cost $2.20—a sum that entitled one to French and Italian repertory staples in tolerably competent performances. Although the casts included an occasional "name" (Dusolina Giannini and Jennie Tourel sang that first season) and more than an occasional future star (for example, Dorothy Kirsten and Regina Resnik), the over-all level of execution was patently below Metropolitan Opera standards. But this did not discourage New York's large population of Central European émigrés who could ill afford the Met's prices and who had been reared on solid meat-and-potato repertory opera.

Operagoers of more sophisticated inclinations paid the company little heed until 1946, when the City Opera temporarily abandoned its *Butterflys* and *Bohèmes* to put on the first American performance of Richard Strauss's *Ariadne auf Naxos*. With hindsight, the gesture seems less daring than it did twenty years ago, for in the intervening period the much-lauded *Ariadne* has almost turned into a repertory staple itself. But to New Yorkers in 1946 the opera was an unknown quantity, a mere dot on the map of a large unexplored territory called Late Strauss. The City Opera production —well sung, carefully rehearsed, thoroughly professional in every way

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—opened up that territory to a general reconnaissance. More than that, it persuaded New York's discriminating music audience to take the young opera company seriously.

Year after year, that audience found accumulating reasons for attendance at the City Center: the first American performance in more than a quarter century of Prokofiev's *Love for Three Oranges,* notable productions of *Turandot* and *Salome* and *Wozzeck,* the American premieres of Bartók's *Bluebeard* and Orff's *Der Mond,* the world premiere of Aaron Copland's *The Tender Land.* Achievements of this order made it evident that the City Opera's sights were set on the twentieth century, and its best efforts expended on revealing the new and unusual.

But productions of contemporary operas cost money, and no matter how economical the settings, no matter how enthusiastic the audience, the company found it increasingly difficult to meet its deficits. In 1956, ten years and ten premieres after the precedent-setting *Ariadne,* the City Opera was in such parlous financial shape that its board of directors offered the company to the Metropolitan as a kind of subsidiary training house. The Met didn't want it, and the City Opera was obliged to continue on a shoestring while seeking some dependable means of support. In September, 1957, it came from the Ford Foundation in the form of a $105,000 grant for a season of American operas which were presented the following spring.

The grant represented a breakthrough not only for the City Opera but for the performing arts in general. For the first time a major foundation had seen fit to subsidize an opera company. Happily, the spring 1958 season of American operas (among them the durable *Ballad of Baby Doe* by Douglas Moore and *Taming of the Shrew* by Vittorio Giannini) set a pattern for regular Ford participation, both in the presentation and the commissioning of new works.

To get the company properly installed in its Lincoln Center home, with sets retailored for the new stage and an augmented orchestra in the large pit, Ford put up over a million dollars. Another Ford grant of $2 million, to be matched by an equal sum from other donors, will see the company safely into the 1970's. For an outfit that was living from hand to mouth not many years ago, the City Opera is doing fabulously well. Virtue, imagination, and a commitment to the twentieth century have earned their reward.

To launch its inaugural season at Lincoln Center, the company put on *Don Rodrigo,* by the contemporary Argentinian composer Alberto Ginastera. It was a brilliant choice and a great personal triumph for the City Opera's highly respected director, Julius Rudel, who presided in the pit. *Don Rodrigo* begins with a potent advantage: a superb libretto by the Spanish poet Alejandro Casona, recounting the legendary rise and fall of Spain's last Visgothic king. It is a story at once romantic and heroic, drawn to a large scale, and laden with conflicting loyalties and strong archetypal emotions—just the sort of libretto that Verdi loved to set.

Ginastera's score, I hasten to add, is nothing like Verdi. It is atonal throughout, makes liberal use of serial structures, and is strongly beholden in layout to Berg's *Wozzeck.* We have come to associate this kind of music with lurid expressionistic drama (one thinks of *Wozzeck, Lulu, Intolleranza*). In *Don Rodrigo,* Ginastera shows that it can be mated just as successfully to an old-fashioned saga of love and vengeance, victory and defeat. The music convincingly underlines the rugged vigor of the drama and rises magnificently to its moments of grandeur. Ginastera's orchestral climaxes are staggeringly effective. In one of the scene-linking interludes there is a breathtaking volley of horns, stereophonically situated at widely separated points in the balconies; and at the end of the opera a cascade of bells, similiarly stationed throughout the theatre, creates a coruscating finale. Yet the piece is by no means all sound and splendor. There is an idyllic scene, for example, that lies at the opposite extreme—a section marked *adagietto poetico,* in which the soprano's pensive melody is accompanied by a delicate combination of flauto d'amore, viola d'amore, mandolin, and harp.

It took great courage to present a work of this complexity and difficulty as the opening production in a new house, but the gamble paid off handsomely. Everything was in key and to the point: Ming Cho Lee's powerful sun-baked settings and Theoni Aldredge's stunning costumes; the stylized yet supple direction of Tito Capobianco; the impressive dramatics and vocalism of tenor Placido Domingo and soprano Jeannine Crader; and last but not least, the extraordinary playing of the City Opera orchestra, an ensemble consistently superior to that of the Metropolitan. Even the acoustics of the New York State Theater, about which there had been considerable apprehension, turned out to be fine for opera.

It was hard to work up a similar

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enthusiasm for the two other creations of this spring season—Gottfried von Einem's *Danton's Death* and Francis Poulenc's *Dialogues of the Carmelites*, the one dating from 1947, the other from 1957, and both having to do with the French Revolution. The von Einem is a really dreadful opera, one of those aridly eclectic pieces which make all their busy points without once sounding beautiful or evocative or in any way memorable; to compound its failings it has a libretto—based on Georg Büchner's play—given over chiefly to talky, unoperatic moralizing. Poulenc's score is somewhat better. It has oases of soaring lyricism and a sure-fire finale, but over the long haul it becomes a bore. Though I treasure Poulenc this side of idolatry, facts must be faced: the *Carmelites* grows increasingly repetitious and pretentious on each rehearing.

The productions, alas, did nothing to right the balance. Both operas were sung in largely unintelligible English and both employed drab, semi-abstract sets, on the evidence of which the French Revolution would seem to have been a singularly murky and colorless affair, played out against a background of unpainted packing cases and utilitarian trestles.

To compensate for these misfires, there were several welcome revivals of previous City Opera productions. Without exception they came off flourishingly well in the new house. A good many trump cards were played: *Katerina Ismailova*, by Shostakovich, which has a grotesquely sordid plot but is blessed with an abundance of brilliant musical invention, and was magnificently sung by Eileen Schauler and Richard Cassilly; Prokofiev's *Love for Three Oranges*, a piquant, fantasy-laden fairy tale produced with just the right mixture of brio and nonchalance; *Baby Doe*, folksy Americana of no musical distinction but performed by Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, and Walter Cassel with irresistible conviction; Richard Strauss's *Capriccio*, that amazing "conversation piece for music" with which the old master bade farewell to the lyric theatre, and which the City Opera has re-created to stunning perfection. Its cast of young, good-looking singers not only copes splendidly with the intricate vocal ensembles but moves about the stage with flair and precision; the orchestra gives a luscious account of the rich scoring; and the sumptuous *ancien régime* decor is a delight to the eye.

At Lincoln Center, *Capriccio* and the other revivals looked even better than they had at Fifty-fifth Street—more skillfully staged and lighted, more finished in execution, more tellingly projected. The glamorous framework of Philip Johnson's architecture seemed to enhance their already considerable virtues.

As the spring season drew to a close, one came to realize that the City Opera was no longer quite the same old friend that it had been in its original quarters. There, to the very end, the company retained the aspect of a poor relation, even though one told oneself that it was more adventurous than the Met, more up-to-date, more alive. But in its comfortable and capacious new surroundings, the City Opera is no longer New York's second opera company; it is New York's other opera company.

The effect of all this on the Metropolitan will be fascinating to observe. At last Julius Rudel and his faithful retinue are in a position to coexist on equal terms with the prestigious old lady. Beginning this fall, the two companies will be Lincoln Center neighbors, operating simultaneously within a stone's throw of each other—the City Opera at a $5.50 top, the Met at $13. To justify such prices, the Metropolitan will have to tend carefully to its knitting. Nobody expects the old company to be forced out of business. The great voices will continue to flock to the Met (Franco Corelli and Birgit Nilsson do not work for the City Opera's relatively modest fees), and society ladies for whom operagoing is an automatic duty will continue to give it their custom. But the presence of a refurbished and self-confident City Opera at the Metropolitan's doorstep cannot help but have an effect. And as the two companies confront each other across Lincoln Center, the artistic dividends are certain to be rewarding.

Tiggers Don't Like Honey

GERALD WEALES

"I saw a waltdisney today," said Christopher Robin.

"I saw one once," said Piglet.

"So did I," said Pooh, wondering what a waltdisney was like.

The narrative secret of *Winnie-the-Pooh* and *The House at Pooh Corner* is that nothing much happens. Pooh and Piglet walk around in circles following their own tracks. Pooh finds Eeyore's missing tail, which Owl has been using as a bell-pull. Rabbit tries to lose Tigger in the woods and gets lost himself. Pooh and Piglet build Eeyore a house only to discover that the pile of sticks they used for the job was a house Eeyore had already built for himself. Even at their most adventurous —when Pooh and Christopher Robin save the marooned Piglet by making a boat of the boy's umbrella, or when Piglet climbs through the letter-drop and brings help after

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Owl's house blows down—the stories are more talk than action, a construction of conversation, rumination, and Pooh hums.

The animated cartoon, by contrast, is the creature of action, built by piling one ludicrous or violent event on top of another. When animation goes for other effects—gentleness, say, or lyricism—it is likely to turn saccharine, as the history of Walt Disney indicates: consider the *Snow White* sequences when the

dwarfs are off screen. Now Disney, in his heavy-footed odyssey through the children's classics, has got around to Pooh Bear, and A. A. Milne's stories have lost a lot in translation.

Winnie-the-Pooh and the Honey Tree is a twenty-minute "featurette" which Disney is using as a curtain raiser for a noisy movie about noisy dogs, *The Ugly Dachshund,* and presumably will use again on his television show. It combines into a single story the first two chapters of *Winnie-the-Pooh*—Pooh's attempt to get honey by borrowing a balloon and passing himself off as a cloud, and his getting stuck in Rabbit's doorway after too hearty a lunch—and it throws in several Milne characters—Eeyore, Kanga and Roo, Owl—who have no part in the original story. To get a little narrative zing into the original, Disney has used six writers, but the best they can come up with are some cartoon standards—a chase (the bees finally drive both Pooh and Christopher Robin into a mudhole) and a reward (Milne's Pooh fails to get the honey, but Disney's is paddling in a sea of it when the cartoon ends). Having made an attempt to impose a more orderly story line on Milne's amorphousness, the cartoon fails by being untrue both to Milne and to animation's own demands. Disney's version tries to retain some of the summer-afternoon air of the original, the child's unconcern with time, but this woolliness never becomes a valid atmosphere, as it does in the books, and it keeps the studio inventions from attaining the sharpness that a cartoon demands.

A CONFLICT between action and atmosphere might have been expected, but there are two qualities in the Milne books that seem ready-made for the cartoon world—his characters and his verbal games. Here too, Disney has come a cropper. All of Milne's characters are variations on literary stereotypes, identified by a single characteristic—Eeyore's melancholy, Tigger's bounciness, Roo's desire for attention—and that kind of characterization is responsible for the choler of Donald Duck and the chutzpah of Bugs Bunny. The trick, however, is not simply one-tic characterization but getting Milne's characters on the screen. Disney does attempt to approximate the E. H. Shepard drawings, which is all to the good, but when familiar faces begin to talk with real voices where imagined ones spoke before, the result is apt to be disturbing, as the animated *Peanuts* on television shows. This is a surmountable problem, however (consider Popeye); where Disney fails is in the characters themselves.

There is a suggestion of Eeyore's grumpiness, but he is a peripheral figure. Those on center screen—Pooh, Rabbit, Owl—are all wrong. Pooh, it is true, is a bear of very little brain, given to losing himself and his plans, but he never has to think his way to a desire for food. When the cartoon opens with his trying desperately to remember that he is hungry, it is clear that Disney is on the wrong track. He quickly leaves that track, however, and all characterizing tracks, and settles for making Pooh endearing (with a song underneath to prove it), which is a terrible thing to do to a poet and adventurer, which is what Pooh is. Rabbit comes on as an exhausted hysteric like that coyote who always fails to trap the roadrunner that one of the Disney competitors has inflicted on us. Owl has lost most of his pedantry and has borrowed Rabbit's officiousness; he has become more the executive, less the learned bore. Owl has also become a kind of straight man for a new character (a mole, I think, although he looks like a beaver), who—judging by the laughter around me—is the most successful figure in the movie. In his case, however, there is no struggle between the Milne and the Disney versions and no unhappy compromise.

Most well-known animated cartoon figures have characteristic ways of speaking. Ideally, then, Milne's talent for dialogue should be an aid and comfort to Disney. Since Milne's lines are designed for particular characters, however, they do not sit comfortably in the mouths Disney provides for them. This is the more apparent when a Milne line stands alongside one provided by the Disney writers, one that is wrong rhythmically and psychologically for the Pooh or the Eeyore that we know. Poor Pooh is not even allowed to sing his own songs but is forced to accept studio substitutes. The narrative, too, is a combination of Milne and Disney, and not a happy one. Milne can be arch, as Dorothy Parker once testified, but his narrator's stance gets its strength from the relationship between the storyteller and Christopher Robin, who is both audience and actor; it

involves an unspoken recognition that Pooh and his friends are stuffed nursery animals and, at the same time, characters alive in Christopher's and Milne's imagination. By making everything too explicit, by underlining every effect, the cartoon breaks the neat Milne balance; and when Milne's own lines can be heard, broken and patched, in the midst of the narration, the loss is emphasized.

Anyone with a fondness for Winnie-the-Pooh will feel that a liberty has been taken. "Somebody must have taken it," said Eeyore (in "Eeyore Loses a Tail"). "How Like Them," he added after a long silence.

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When We Think of April

What do you hear of home?
Has spring come? Have the snows
Melted? Have pussywillows
Thrust out of roadside swamps
With rabbit-nipple blossoms?
Is the river ice gone
And the guesser's prize paid?
Do the diminished elms
Show a shadow of green?
Are walks soft underfoot
And the air's odors acid
From tree castings? Beyond
The sable village streets
Insulted by deep frost,
Buckled piecemeal and sharp
Like glaciers, what of the woods?
Are children happening on
Slippers, the properties
Of impossible ladies?
And do they walk across
Galaxies of pink stars
In a universe of vines?
Islands of snow, the last
Snowball, one granular
Eye weeping down the cheek
Of a birch—do these survive
The interval years we count
From remembering's tree house?
Do kites fly, bicycles
Draw out puddles and mud
In scrawny, snake-back threads?
Are all the bare lots scarred
For peg-stick, pocked for marbles,
Ruled in geometries
For one-o'-cat and hopscotch?
Is the winter-brown grass
Of the meadows laid flat
By pursuers and pursued?
Inside the schoolyard fence
Do swings waltz with the wind
And concrete garden plots
Sown with teeters and gates
Glow in Saturday sunlight?
Are rain-day games unchanged:
Quaker Meeting, May I—
Old forfeits, old rewards,
Girls plain or pretty kissed
In never-never fairness?
Do all the neighbor dogs,
Barking, devour the days?
Do all the neighbor dogs,
Barking, devour the years?

Flower Gifts

For Stephen and Philip

Children, how many dandelions
Can an indoors support? They are
So difficult, so arbitrary-stemmed,
Such bright, buttery burdens for
The sullen civilization
Of a closed room. If they survived
The sunless passage of one day,
Or a single warm wind arrived
To shake the next generation
From their blossoms—then you would see:
Rancid in wastebaskets, they lie
Robbed of their immortality.
That is a word you've never known;
Being children, you have it yet
To learn. The April lawns may teach
You it, may touch you with regret,
And you will think life curious
When you have found eternity's seed
So usual in Nature's world
As to be spent on her least weed.
Then you will look at your own sons,
At the stems green in their small hands,
And read there promises and threats
Too commonplace to understand.

—Robley Wilson, Jr.

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No.145

by HENRY ALLEN

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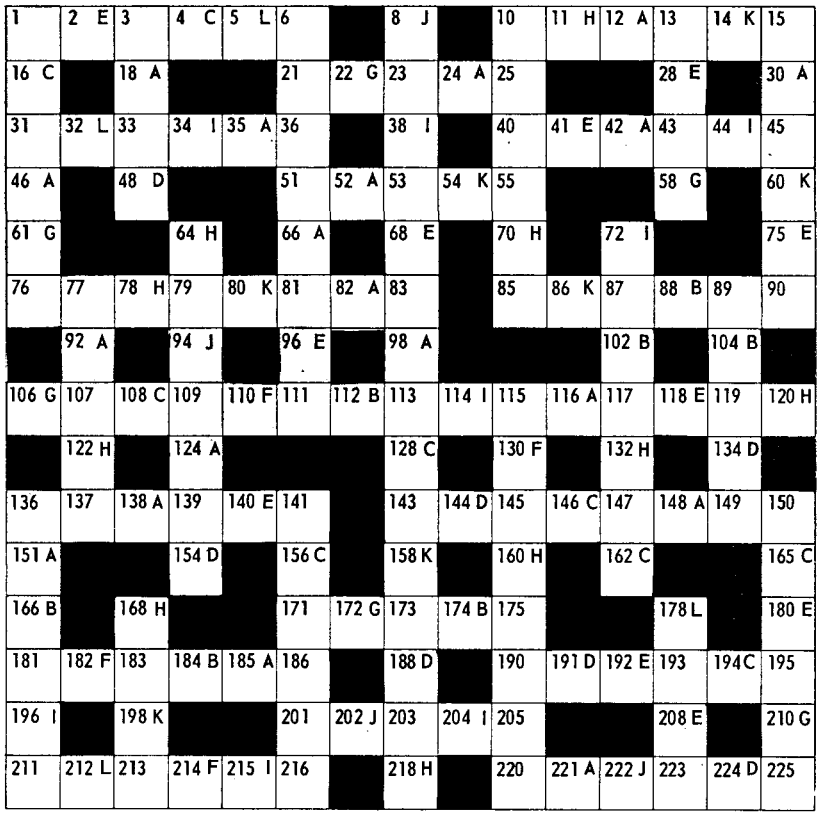
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym: the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A
18 35 46 148 52 24 92 98 30 12 138 42
151 82 221 124 66 185 116 Post of the Acrostician (6,5,8).

B
174 112 184 88 104 166 102 A tale or short book.

C
162 16 146 156 128 108 165 194 4 Term of affection (4,5).

D
191 134 144 188 224 48 154 "What the greatest_____of the nation has begun, its highest Tribunal will accomplish." Burke, "Impeachment of Warren Hastings, Feb. 15, 1788."

E
28 118 41 180 68 96 208 192 2 140 75 Landlord's notice (4,3,4).

F
110 130 214 182 "And the gilded car of day, / His glowing_____doth allay." Milton, "Comus."

G
58 61 172 210 22 106 A summerhouse or pavilion.

H
11 120 160 70 78 218 132 64 168 122 Summed up everything (6,5).

I
44 196 38 72 204 34 215 114 Term sometimes applied to present-day teen-agers (3,5).

J
8 94 222 202 "Fair pledges of a fruitful tree, / Why do ye fall so fast? Your_____is not so past." Herrick, "A Ternary of Littles, upon a Pipkin of Jelly sent to a Lady."

K
60 54 86 158 80 14 198 "It was a pity he couldna be_____o'er again, an'_____different (same word twice). George Eliot, "Adam Bede."

L 212 5 178 32 Very small quantity.

ACROSS

1. But this man often fares worse at the tracks.
10. Outdoorsman of electric ampere circuits.
21. Black and skeletal at last.
31. A gap in the Villa Cunaxa.
40. Arriving in his money MG.
51. Ditch for a clan, perhaps.
76. Irritated big game or money tc go home on? (3,5).
85. Brews in something more than steps.
106. What they do in the highway program with a new opportunity taken (4,7,4).
136. Viewing and understanding.
143. Parity with superiority last.
171. Apostrophize a region and discover oxygen.
181. Fabric, or what the peddler might say to the horse doctor?
190. British service branch seems impractical for reaching (3,3).
201. Ways, when even; otherwise a singer.
211. What news here with a rail to use?
220. Use trite tea and get laughter.

DOWN

1. Does this old woman belong in bedlam?
3. Spasms sit with many.
6. A creation opposite and equal.
8. What Mme. Defarge might have said about a beaten boxer (4,3,3,5).
10. Travels on two wheels for recurring periods.
13. A broken grip for the prude.
15. They may be civil or roundhouse.
64. Surveyor's instrument in passing.
72. Do early things age a twelvemonth? (4-3).
77. Does fruit leap quietly to mind?
89. Factory for the production of 77 down?
115. The poseur in the studio may do this when taxed with rue (5,3).
136. The element of the Lone Ranger's horse.
141. Otto follows a growl to a blue sight of Capri.
150. Will 'e marry? No, 'e'll complain.
168. Singer of Scriptural dances.
178. It's bitter when it's mostly art.

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BOOKS

The Patterns of History

WERNER L. GUNDERSHEIMER

SHAPES OF PHILOSOPHICAL HISTORY, by Frank E. Manuel. *Stanford. $4.75.*

RENAISSANCE AND REVOLUTION: THE REMAKING OF EUROPEAN THOUGHT, by Joseph Anthony Mazzeo. *Pantheon. $6.95.*

Throughout the history of western civilization, men have tried to discern some pattern in the course of human events. Those who have been unable to accept traditional ideas have lost no time working up something else. Yet, as Frank E. Manuel observes, interpretations of human history over the past twenty-five hundred years have had two basic shapes. One of them is cyclical, with implications of inevitable decline, recurrence, and renewal. The other is linear, or progressive, and suggests constant change, innovation, and often some notion of a fixed goal at the end of time or of social evolution.

In *Shapes of Philosophical History,* the published version of a series of seven lectures given at Stanford University in 1964, Manuel brilliantly discusses the uses of these two basic shapes by philosophical historians from Polybius to Toynbee and Sorokin. His working assumption is that:

"If we follow these two shapes of philosophical history, the cyclical and the progressive, from the early centuries of the Christian era through the present, they will reveal themselves to be less a logical than a psychological polarity. In any period there may be a weightier commitment to one or the other, but neither has ever dominated the European intellectual field without the presence in some form of its rival. The shapes have been combined, subjected to syncretistic amalgamation, intermingled, then separated out again. Old patterns are never completely forgotten and from time to time they are taken out of the intellectual attic, refurbished and restored."

Manuel happens to be one of those rare professional historians whose prose style is delightful, but that is not so important as his remarkable sensibility to the nuances of intellectual history. The danger in a book of this type is that it can easily degenerate into a catalogue of people's views, a check list of opinion through the ages. Dreary tomes with that flaw often appear, and the tendency to view the history of ideas as a discipline unto itself is not the least of the reasons. Though he deals almost entirely with systematic thinkers, Manuel treats them as men; he looks for their hopes and anxieties, for their ways of regarding themselves, and for their attitudes toward their predecessors. His main concern is the furniture in the "intellectual attic," but what he tells us about the attic itself contributes to our understanding of that furniture. Despite the extraordinary compression of this sprint through the ages, the reader is never left groping for background or gasping at grotesque oversimplifications.

GREEK historical thought was cyclical, perhaps owing to some deeply felt analogies with the observed changes in the cosmos and the seasons. Among the early progressivistic tendencies in western thought, the most important was the prophet Daniel's interpretation of Nebuchadnezzar's dream, to the effect that the world could expect four major kingdoms. A long list of serious historians from Orosius in the fifth to Sleidanus in the sixteenth century, and even later, tantalized themselves with identifying the four monarchies in question. Sixteenth-century Frenchmen attacked the theory, because Germans were using it to show that they were the true heirs of the Roman Empire.

Serious competition to the cyclical models of the ancients began with St. Augustine's *City of God.* The cyclical view naturally undermined the uniqueness of Christian revelation, and Augustine responded to the challenge by arguing that Divine Providence guides history, and that there is a progression in man's earthly life from his fall from grace in Eden to redemption through Christ's sacrifice on Calvary, to the Last Judgment, an end without end. This view, with variations, dominated European historical thought for a thousand years; and, apart from its direct influence, it is the ancestor of all subsquent progressivistic theories. Many of its ungrateful descendants eloquently voiced their rejection of its spiritual aspects.

In the Renaissance, historical explanation became secularized in some quarters, and the humanists, in their zeal to restore the tarnished glories of the ancient world, revived the cyclical model. This period saw important developments in methods of historical analysis, but its production of systematic works of synthesis was rather sparse and not particularly distinguished. However, there were some impressive attempts to formulate a secularized notion of historical progress, in response both to limitations imposed by the cyclical and religious determinists and to the past-mindedness of many humanists who saw the golden age of mankind in the primitive or classical eras. Perhaps the most important of these attempts was that of Louis Le Roy's *Vicissitude and Variety of Things in the Universe,* which combines the two shapes into a gradually ascending, open-ended spiral. This general period in the writing of philosophical history is just beginning to get its just deserts from scholars, and Manuel has made a welcome contribution by staking out the terrain in bold strokes.

THE SECOND HALF of this book considers more recent writers—the *philosophes,* the German idealists, the French social theorists of the nineteenth century, and the voluminous twentieth century, which "has spawned more works in four decades than have all previous ages of man combined." Manuel makes clear and forceful distinctions between the French and German philosophical traditions, and ingeniously suggests the ways in which Karl Marx combined the two. The Enlightenment belief in human perfectibility, with

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its corollary of inevitable progress toward that goal, presents a nice foil for the resurgence of the pessimistic cyclic approach in its modern garb, with Nietzsche, Spengler, and Toynbee. The latter's attempt to view the rise and decline of cultures within a Christian providential framework suggests that the philosophy of history has come full cycle.

That the two shapes represent less a logical than a psychological polarity becomes particularly evident in the final chapter, a masterful discussion of the modern theorists. The bleakest pessimists in the group, those who have reacted most strongly against the happy myth of progress, hold out some form of hope, even if it is not strictly supported by their own theories. We are left with the rather cheerless prospect of a debate between those who believe that the world is going to pot but that there might be a spiritual renewal, and those ("the old-fashioned rationalistic sensationalist progressists and meliorists of the Anglo-French tradition") who think the world is not much worse off than it ever was, that it may even be better, and that we shall probably muddle through. In an eloquent conclusion, Manuel denies his support to both their houses. His final paragraph is an urbane quotation from Hume, skeptically reserving judgment on philosophies of history. Hume's caveat still rings true, an elegant end to an elegant book.

•

THE PREFACE by Joseph Anthony Mazzeo notes the great difficulties inherent in an attempt to write a comprehensive, scholarly, and yet personal book on a great historical period for the general public. These difficulties are legion and they are formidable. Mazzeo has surmounted some, but *Renaissance and Revolution* is an uneven book, and in terms of its aims its success is qualified indeed.

The four central chapters deal with four people whom Mazzeo regards as in some ways characteristic of the Renaissance: Machiavelli, Castiglione, Bacon, and Hobbes. This choice gives a somewhat odd construction to the period. Hobbes, after all, died in 1679, and the view that the Renaissance was a late (or

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for that matter middle) seventeenth-century phenomenon, even in England, is idiosyncratic. Apart from the chronological stretch forward, which has its counterpart in the absence of any key figure from the period 1350-1500, generally regarded as the main period of the Renaissance, Hobbes remains out of place on his own account. Castiglione's *Courtier* is an interesting and influential humanistic book of courtly manners, but it hardly merits its author's inclusion as a *personnage regnant*. The chapter on Castiglione is by far the shortest, and Mazzeo has relatively little to say about him; he devotes a large part to superficial comparisons with Montaigne, Nietzsche, and Mann. The chapters on Machiavelli and Bacon are a great deal more pointed and revealing. Both figures are adroitly used as Renaissance "types," and the author seems notably less dependent on secondary sources in dealing with them than he is with Castiglione and Hobbes.

THE EMPHASIS on Italian and English writers leads to a considerable oversight with regard to the French Renaissance, whose main (and in many ways very atypical) representative here is Montaigne. And the prominence of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century writers is only partially offset by the introductory chapter, "Renaissance and Humanism: The New Education." Here, as throughout the book, there are some interesting insights, but there are also elementary mistakes. It is wrong to say that "By the beginning of the fifteenth century the whole theory of perspective is complete both philosophically and mathematically . . . ," because the essential writings of Piero della Francesca, Leon Battista Alberti, and others are all of later origin. Coluccio Salutati, Chancellor of Florence from 1375 to 1406, was the unquestioned leader of an entire generation of Italian humanists. In fact, according to his worst enemy, one sentence from his pen fell into the scales with the weight of a thousand horsemen. In this book he is dismissed as "not greatly gifted." Marsilio Ficino's elaborate and complex neo-Platonic philosophical system is "ardently imagined but weakly articulated." Such errors, both of fact and judgment, are neither few nor far between.

The final chapter is a discussion of the idea of progress, which Mazzeo regards as a new orientation toward human life following upon the Renaissance, and in a sense marking its end. He dates the first appearances of this idea to the seventeenth century, overlooking important recent contributions that trace its beginnings to an early humanistic debate between ancients and moderns in fifteenth-century Italy. Nor is there any consideration of Bacon's sixteenth-century French antecedents like Jean Bodin and Louis Le Roy, upon whose works Manuel places much emphasis.

At the end of this book, the reader will still be asking whether Mazzeo thinks of the Renaissance as revolution or evolution. On the one hand, he refers to "that cultural revolution we call the Renaissance." On the other hand, he speaks of humanism, the period's main intellectual movement, as "the slow work of time and of the labors of many men." This is one of the more disturbing examples of the author's lack of precision and consistency.

In his discussion of the concept of the Renaissance, Mazzeo decides that the term is indispensable to historians, and states that Jakob Burckhardt's classic *Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy* (which in 1960 celebrated its hundredth anniversary) "remains the best single introduction to it." It is. «»

Lautrec In Stone

ALFRED WERNER

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC: HIS COMPLETE LITHOGRAPHS AND DRYPOINTS. Text by Jean Adhémar. *Abrams. $22.50.*

It is hard to disregard all the sensationmongering stories about Count Henri Marie Raymond de Toulouse-Lautrec Monfa. They have collected like so many rocks heaped on the simple grave in the village churchyard of Verdelais, as if to prevent the inquisitive, indefatigable little man from escaping to enjoy once again the boulevards and the dives of his beloved Paris. But an attempt must be made by every serious lover of art to winnow the essential from the trivial. Thousands of men frequented the café-dansants, theatres, circuses, and the bordellos of late nineteenth-century Paris, but only one, Lautrec, extracted from that bewildering milieu all the nuances of human passion and suffering, portraying them in countless drawings, paintings, and prints.

The time-consuming techniques of the woodcut and etching were not for his restless temperament. He preferred the lithographic stone on which he could quickly transfer his impressions of an encounter with a remarkable man or, more frequently, woman—dancer, singer, acrobat, or *fille de joie*. Occasionally he experimented with drypoint, a technique of engraving on a copper plate with a steel needle, which is second only to lithography as a medium of spontaneity and direct expression.

ALL BUT A FEW of the 368 prints reproduced in this large and well-designed book are lithographs, and all were made in the last decade of the artist's short life (he died in 1901, aged thirty-seven). As M. Adhémar tells us in his introduction—which is a bit too short and in spots very pedestrian in style—Lautrec, unlike other printmakers, did not confine himself to drawing on the stone but supervised every detail in the printer's shop. When he was not entirely satisfied with a sheet, he tore it up. After he was finished with an edition, he defaced the stone so that it could not be used again. Lithography had several excellent practitioners before Lautrec—Goya, Whistler, and Redon come quickly to mind—yet he was the first to use it for commercial posters that are nevertheless the epitome of art and have outlasted much more ambitious, more "refined" creations of his era.

The collection starts with a bang with "La Goulue au Moulin Rouge," a color poster commissioned by the directors of that famous cabaret. The grotesque, almost Mephistophelian figure of the thin, amazingly agile dancer Valentin, called "The Boneless," is in the foreground, and on the bare floor

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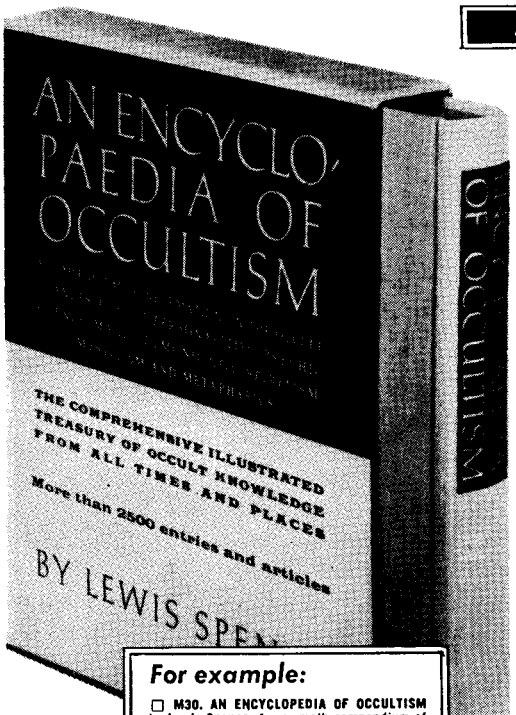
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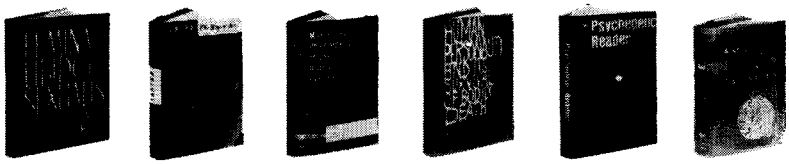

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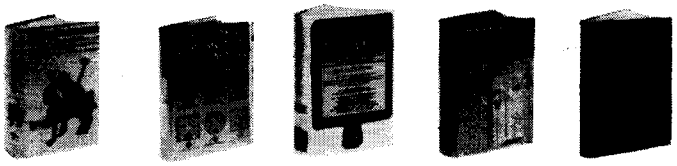

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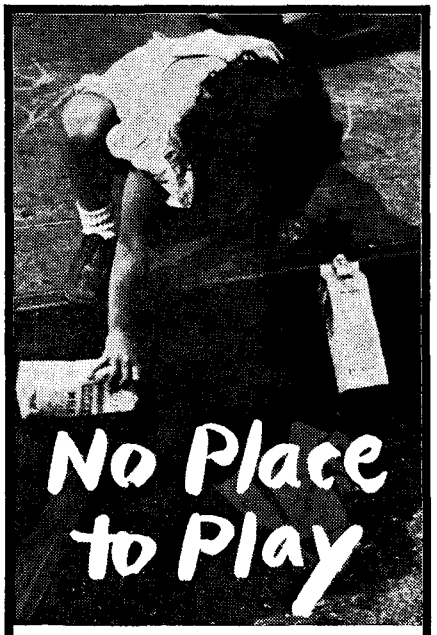

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What was it like to be far out in 1896?

behind is La Goulue, his partner, displaying her legs and generously revealing her white undergarments. Further back are the spectators: a black mass of gentlemen in toppers and ladies in plumed hats. This is Paris of 1891 in a brilliant emulation of the old Japanese illustrators who so boldly ignored symmetry and the interplay of shadow and light, relying on broad effects and vivid contrasts. The public admired Lautrec's posters, but his patrons often complained that their high artistic quality reduced their commercial value. How they would be amazed to see the prices they now bring at auction!

His albums of lithographs were not always received enthusiastically. The one devoted entirely to Yvette Guilbert had a *succès de scandale* insofar as the public resented the "deification of a café-concert diva." Yvette's family, on the other hand, agreed with the critic who charged that while she was not pretty, Lautrec for reasons of his own had made her appear very ugly. The artist retorted by saying that he sincerely admired Yvette and found her captivating, and she consented to sign the hundred copies of the album. *Elles*, whose subject is life in brothels, did not sell, although in Adhémar's view this abum "marks a peak in Lautrec's art." The reason was not that the public considered the prints smutty. This they were not; they were both serious and sad, picturing the atmosphere in a "maison close" as highly depressing, and its staff as poor unappealing creatures.

Indeed, leafing through this first complete collection of Lautrec's prints to appear in this country, one cannot help feeling that the atmosphere of the Paris the artist knew so well was morbid rather than gay; that with all their superficial glamor, the entertainers were unhappy wretches; and that for all its bright lights, Montmartre was a dark corner, filled with a society of idiotic dandies, brutal entrepreneurs, love-starved Lesbians, and many others whose lives were absorbed by sordid trivialities. Were it not for Lautrec, this world would be long forgotten.

But Lautrec was there, with his unmatched powers of observation and memory, to give us, in the drawing of a gesture, a step, a smile, a shoulder, a hand, all that a good writer would take many pages to describe so dramatically. As Lautrec once said, he had entered the world of Montmartre as a historian rather than as a pleasure seeker. He attended the theatre not because the plays interested him but because he was eager to capture the actors' and actresses' features from certain dramatic angles, sharpened by makeup and stage lighting. The "models" who resented his cutting tongue and crayon did not realize that they would owe their survival to him—not only La Goulue, Jane Avril, and Yvette (whose long black gloves we seem to know better than her not very attractive face) but also Aristide Bruant, that "pathetic rascal," as Anatole France called him. We see Bruant, who was notorious for insulting the customers of his cabaret-artistique, as Lautrec immortalized him: the arrogant and cynical visage under a large, broad-brimmed hat, the red shawl, the black cape. And we see the tall, graceful actress, singer, and dancer Marcelle Lender, the American-born Folies-Bergère star Loie Fuller in her whirlwind of draperies, and many, many others, made immortal by Lautrec's humanistic realism.

One interesting set of pictures that has escaped the attention of some of Lautrec's admirers fills thirteen pages in the volume: imaginative and sympathetic illustrations for a collection of philo-Semitic short stories written by Georges Clemenceau. Lautrec, not familiar with the proletarian and unassimilated Jewish types described in the tales, prepared himself for the task as conscientiously as he did when planning *Elles*: he went to the Paris ghetto and sketched the immigrants in the streets, shops, and synagogues.

Lautrec's popular image may now be the Hollywood version of José Ferrer in *Moulin Rouge* hobbling on stunted legs. We ought rather to visualize him as he looked when he worked, at the easel or, better still, bending over his large stone, silent, preoccupied with his effort to leave for posterity not stock situations or stock characters, but the inner life of man under the conditions and the deformations of fortune.

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Pound Foolish

MARCUS KLEIN

STITCH, by Richard Stern. *Harper & Row. $4.95.*

Richard Stern is a very serious novelist. He has a talented ear, he has the equipment for complicated comic apprehensions, he is daring, and he is dedicated. In four slim but strenuous novels, in a number of short stories, and in one published play, he has clearly been going somewhere. *Stitch* now raises the interesting possibility that he has got there altogether too soon.

The typical Stern hero has been a laggard romantic, Byronic by inclination but passive by habitude, a man a little too old and a little too fat for the endeavors of his yearning. The typical action has been the assertion of this bashful self in some accidental adventure. The adventure has public consequences, it draws the hero forward to the point where the individual self is chastened for its new ambitions, and the end has always been an ironic, rather wise, and rather weary sinking into acquiescence. In *Golk*, Stern's first novel, the device for the public adventure was a gothic version of *Candid Camera* (one has to suppose an entertainment of such a sort devoted to moral and political exposé). Stern's device, in the instance, almost overwhelmed the book, but the book was about betrayal. Herbert Hondorp, a feckless fellow, becomes shafter and shaftee. In Stern's second novel, *Europe: or Up and Down with Schreiber and Baggish*, the opportunist Baggish goes up while Schreiber, a shy, elderly seeker after self-realization, goes down. Europe, the field of his seeking, is too much for him. And *In Any Case*, a gaudy novel about spies, double agents, and doubtful loyalties in the French underground, proposes that betrayal is the constant both of public and domestic acts; betrayal becomes moral principle, we are all double agents, and the aging, tired man who is the novel's hero retires into neutrality.

The end of the adventuring in each of Stern's previous novels has been wistful and pathetic. But in each instance the end has remained

Solution to

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Puzzle #144

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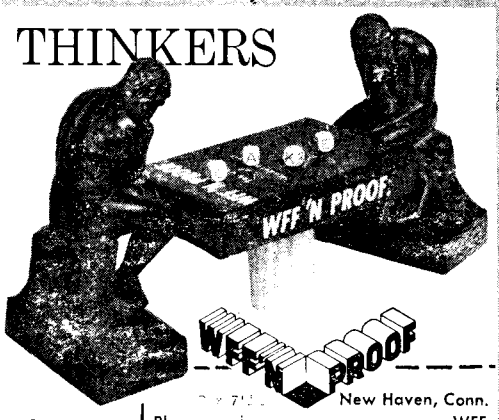

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open for another go-around at the same materials, for the reason that nothing has been resolved. Indeed, the materials would seem to be irrepressible—Stern in these small comedies has been at work at nothing less than the marriage of personality with the world, and it is in the nature of the case that the marriage won't work. But it is equally the case that there is no such thing as divorce. Hence, reasonably, acquiescence.

In *Stitch*, Stern arrives at the same note but with new implications. Pathos has become a kind of classical repose. The scene, for the most part of the novel, is Venice, which raises its beauties above its garbage. The hero, Edward Gunther, is once again an aging young man who is gaining weight even as he looks for his own lean self. He has a girl friend, the heroine, who is a starving poetess, and he has a wife. The girl friend has another friend, Thaddeus Stitch, who is a great sculptor and whose relationship to the girl is avuncular.

Since Edward's wife is named Cressida, it is likely that Edward is by intent Troilus, the romantic boy who loses the girl. His girl is at work on a "woman's epic," which will subsume all the great women in history, while in herself something is unfulfilled: it is likely that she is by intent a confirming image of Edward's own Cressida. Edward loses both girls. Thaddeus Stitch is an ancient man who has attained an icy reserve and irony. Wise in all things (among them women), he dominates the action. He is a Pandarus who in his own last moment in the book introduces the poetess to her Diomede.

All of this has a nice intricacy, and it does the work, while it is pure, of amplifying Stern's wry comedy. But at the same time the myth elevates the comedy to a peculiar and dreadful solemnity. The key is Uncle Pandarus. He is not only a wise man but a great artist and a great philosopher, who indicates in passing that he has united a theory of art with a universal theory of money. He is "a famous firebrand," fallen on hard times. He is an American who has spent most of his life in Europe; he has been of the circle that included Gaudier-Brzeska and T. E. Hulme and Joyce, and he knew Henry James, with whose fate he now associates his own. He once tried to save the world from "that paralytic" Roosevelt, and subsequently he spent years in a prison hospital. Which, with compendious additional confirmation, makes Pandarus really Ezra Pound.

THIS CLEVERNESS might be breathtaking. Pound is in reality, indisputably, the singular point of focus of an entire half-century of literary imagination. As such he is Pandarus to several generations, a fact to which Stern here pays ironic tribute. Stern's uses of Pound in this novel are, however, still more serious. He is a Pound taken disastrously straight and at face value, alternately apocalyptic and melancholy, with no movement in between. In too many pages of truncated rhetoric of self-appraisal, he is Pound with neither Pound's slyness nor wit. He is the Pound who takes himself to be the terminal fact in the continuity which goes, in the words of the novel, "from Greeks, from Egyptians, Sumeria, China, to James, to Stitch." He is the Pound become majestic, become sterling, who stands forever for "the clear line, the beautiful object, the fair price." He stands for what Pound has stood for, but without the raciness, without the fun, with all the intensity but without the energy of Pound.

What Edward derives, then, from Stitch, who derives from Pound, is an instant credo to the effect that Civilization is our only guide, provocation, and judge, and its accurate transmission our only duty. All sloppiness of the individual ego is to be drained away. After exposure to the great man, he commits himself, as it were, to a cenotaph. Beyond his sight and knowledge are everything that went to make an appetite for hardness and classical form a part of Pound's flesh, the selfless struggle against odds for a selfless goal, and a sense of mastery.

Edward loses his wife, his sweetheart, his children, and most of his prospects. Any man might feel numb, but this Edward has a recipe purchased on his trip to Venice. At the end of the novel he walks along the seashore at Santa Barbara, and, so it is said, "He identified with the rocks, it was a comfort."

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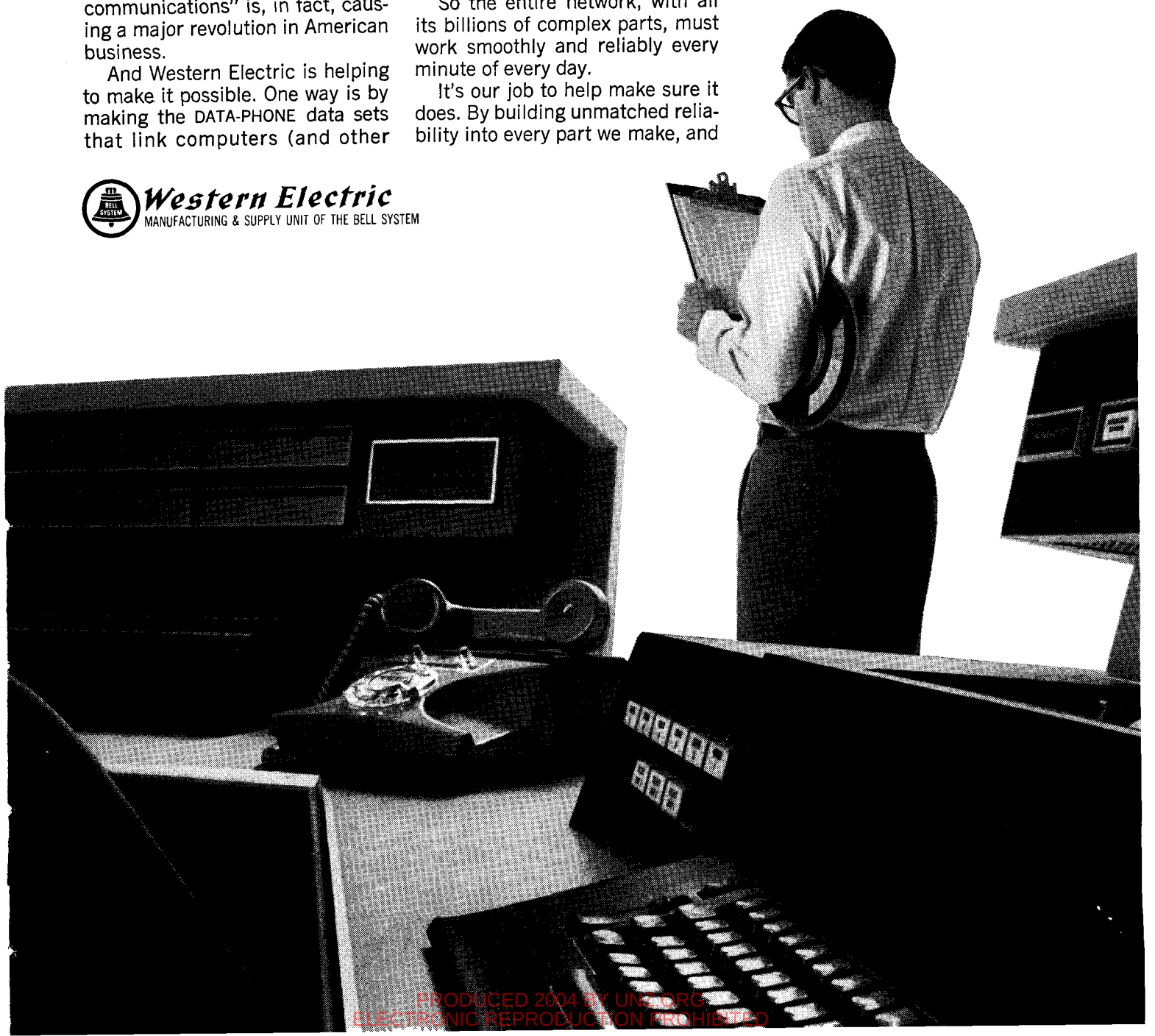

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